

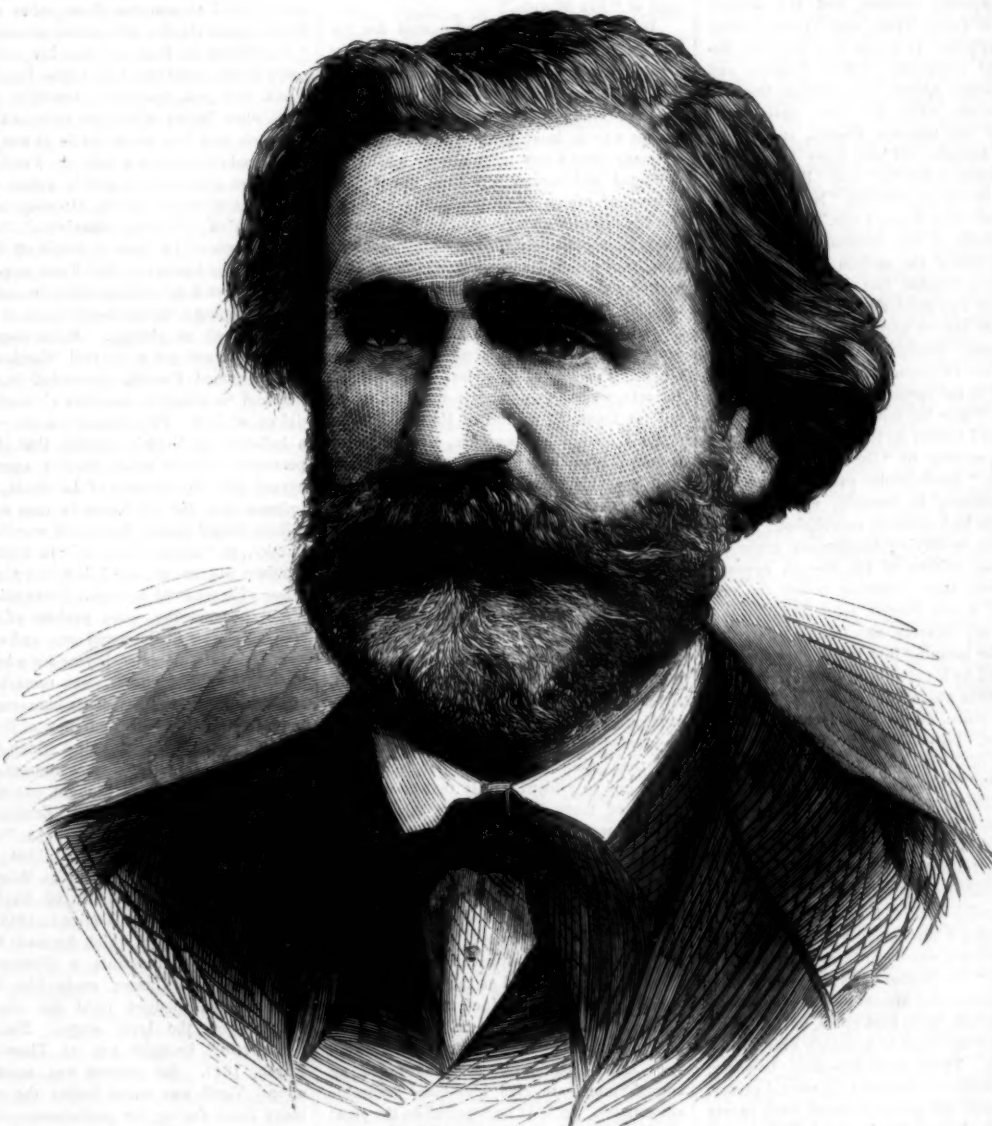
APPLETONS' JOURNAL.

No. 248.]

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 20, 1873.

[Vol. X.

GIUSEPPE VERDI.



GIUSEPPE VERDI.

THE present century has witnessed the production of many and excellent additions to the stores of the musical drama. Within its scope new schools have risen to

supersede those which have before held empire, and to give place in time to the reign of schools yet newer. But it is clear that the remarkable fecundity of musical composition,

which is a marked feature of the century, is the result of the musical revival which took place in Germany in the fifty years just before the century began. Sebastian Bach was

as much the forerunner of the galaxy of great German composers, who culminated in Beethoven, and whose mantles descended upon Von Weber, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer, as Lessing was of the German *literati*, who culminated in Goethe and Schiller, and were followed by a crowd of only lesser poets, critics, and philosophers. Germany, which thus got the start of the other musical nations in establishing classical examples, and providing a store of operas, oratorios, and symphonies, which seemed to exhibit the art in a perfection to imitate which was a desperate task, long held the vantage-ground undisputed, though both Italy and France had their competing *maestros*, and the musical schools at Paris, Milan, and Venice, rivaled that at Leipzig. It is true that Italy had distinguished composers before Rossini, and France before Auber; nevertheless, the contest between what are now distinctively known as the German, French, and Italian operatic schools, did not fairly begin until "The Barber of Seville" and "Fra Diavolo" disputed the stage with the "Marriage of Figaro" and "The Magic Flute." Rossini was the patriarch of the modern Italian school, as Auber was of the modern French school; and it is a notable fact that, in competing with these and their followers, the Germans have relied less on new creations than on the older operas. Beethoven's "Fidelio," and Mozart's "Don Giovanni," held the stage as securely as in the spring-time of their fame. In Carl von Weber the nobility of German opera was upheld almost to their level by his productions, notably by "Der Freischütz" and "Oberon;" Mendelssohn sustained the German supremacy in oratorio, which Handel and Haydn had securely established; Meyerbeer, while modifying his German genius by the special culture of the French operatic method, and thus becoming rather the preceptor of a new French school than a disciple of any German composer, imported a profounder meaning into the French fashion, penetrated to lower depths of sentiment and emotion than any French composer has done before or since, and was the most formidable antagonist, latterly, which the successive branches of the Italian school had. If "Les Huguenots," "Robert le Diable," and "L'Africaine," cannot be put down wholly as fruits of Mozart's teaching, neither can they be wholly attributed to French examples.

In the Italian school, which has diverged into several distinct sub-schools of aim and style, Rossini held for fifty years, during his own lifetime, a supremacy which, though tolerably evident, was by no means undisputed. Certainly "The Barber of Seville," having for its foundation the almost unique comedy of Beaumarchais, is the best opera, in its sphere, which ever has been or probably ever will be produced. There soon appeared, however, rivals in more serious and sentimental pieces. Bellini arose and gave the world such operas as "Norma" and "I Puritani;" Donizetti blazed forth with "Lucresia Borgia," "Lucia," and "La Favorita;" Mercadante and Cherubini followed closely on with works scarcely less esteemed; all these displayed certain easily-recognizable characteristics peculiar to Italy, and common to them all.

These were mainly the musical interpretation of charming sentiment, a suavity and smoothness, and a lavish abundance of easily-comprehended and moving melody. The Italian sought less the deep and abiding, or sublimer emotions; this was the peculiar prerogative of the German. He translated into the most dulcet melody the sensuous romance, the universal sentiments of love, courage, hatred, chivalry, which all might easily understand and reflectively feel. We can no more conceive of an Italian composer rendering in music the innermost meaning of Faust, than we can conceive of Beethoven doing justice to the airy humor and sparkling lightness of "Fra Diavolo."

It was after Rossini had ceased for the most part to produce, and had begun to rest on well-earned laurels, when Donizetti, Bellini, and Mercadante, were competing for the active sovereignty of the lyric stage, of which Weber was at least the undisputed king in Germany, that a new master arose, at first to confound and enrage, and then compel the tribute of praise from the musical world. Verdi's entrance upon the Italian field created a sensation not less vigorous and antagonistic than that aroused some years later in Germany by the appearance of Richard Wagner with his "music of the future."

GIUSEPPE VERDI, the most prolific of modern composers, came of humble extraction. He was the son of a modest innkeeper of Busseto, a small commune in the duchy, and not far from the capital of Parma. In his father's *albergo* he was born, on the 9th of October, 1814, and he is consequently now just past his fifty-eighth birthday. Of his earliest years but little is known, probably because there is little to be told. His education was a meagre one; but in a land where every neighborhood is musical, and where of nearly every son has either a good voice or an ardent musical taste, he early caught the prevailing infection. His parents often found him, when a boy, going wide of the range of familiar melodies, and essaying little combinations of his own. He was only studious when his lesson was a musical one; he learned to play upon the violin and guitar, and then upon the organ, with surprising ease; and so evident was it that he was possessed of more than ordinary talent, that, when he was fifteen or sixteen, he abandoned the indolent routine and associations of the *albergo* for his first regular lessons in music. These he received from the humble organist of the little old church of Busseto, whose name was Proversi. So apt was he, that, when Proversi left his place, young Verdi was duly established as the organist of the church. Here he remained, rapidly improving his execution and general knowledge of music, until his nineteenth year, by which time the worthy innkeeper had saved up enough money to give him more favorable advantages. In 1833 he repaired to the great musical centre of Italy, Milan: there he was so fortunate as to receive the instructions of Lavigna, who was not only the foremost of Italian organists, but was a power in the musical world as the chief manager of La Scala Theatre. For three years he pursued his practice upon the organ; and then he

began to set about his long-cherished design to try original composition. The patience with which he labored may be judged by the fact that, three years of steady effort, harassed by repeated failures to get his productions accepted, and by a poverty which forced him to adopt many painful expedients to keep from starving, elapsed before he achieved even the opportunity to be heard. At last, in 1839, when he was twenty-five, his first opera was accepted by Lavigna, and was brought out in November, at La Scala. The title of this first essay was, "Oberto, Conte di San-Bonifazio." This was received with a success so conclusive, that the manager engaged Verdi to compose three other operas for the same stage. His second attempt was "Un Giorno di Regno;" and his third, an *opéra-bouffe*, entitled "Il Finto Stanislao." Verdi had just married a beautiful young wife, when he set about the composition of the last, and her death while it was being composed rendered it a failure. Verdi never afterward attempted a purely comic opera. The want of success which attended the presentation of "Il Finto Stanislao" induced the manager of La Scala to break off the engagement he had made; and Verdi, oppressed by this second misfortune, thought seriously of abandoning a career the prospect of which now seemed so gloomy. Many despairing months passed ere a faithful friend, an engineer named Pasetti, succeeded in arousing him to renewed exertion: happily he did so at last. This friend was so earnest a believer in Verdi's destiny that, having persuaded him to write another opera, he agreed with the director of La Scala, to reimburse him for all losses in case another failure should ensue. The result was the production of "Nabucodonosor" in 1842, the brilliant success of which inspired the composer with renewed courage. From this time Verdi became the most prolific of opera writers, giving to the world one, and oftener two, elaborate pieces each year for a long period. "Nabucodonosor" was remarked for the elevation and purity of its character, and more for the originality and vigor of its style. Next appeared "I Lombardi," which placed Verdi in the front rank of composers of the Italian school. It was brought out in 1843 at La Scala. Then followed "Ernani," produced at Venice in March, 1844; "I Due Foscari" at Rome, in November, 1844; "Giovanna d'Arco" (Joan of Arc) at Milan, and "Alzira" at the San Carlo of Naples, in 1845; and "Attila" at Venice in 1846. The next of his operas, in which he made an ambitious essay to illustrate a Shakespearian tragedy in lyric drama, made him Mercadante's acknowledged rival for the sovereignty of the lyric stage. This was "Macbeth," brought out at Florence in March, 1847. Its success was most dazzling. Verdi was called before the curtain many times during the performance, and, on the first night, crowned with a wreath of golden laurel, was escorted from the theatre by an enormous crowd. In July of the same year he proceeded to London, where he superintended the representation, at Her Majesty's Opera-House, of "I Masnadieri," written especially for Jenny Lind. The parts were

taken by Jenny Lind, Gardoni, and Lablache. Later in the year he repaired to Paris, for the first time, and produced, under his personal supervision, "I Lombardi" at the Royal French Opera, changing its title to "Jerusalem." Returning again to his native country, he wrote and put upon the stage "Il Corsaro" at Trieste, in 1848; "La Battaglia di Legnano" at Rome, in 1849; "Luigia Miller" at Naples, in the same year, and "Stiffelio" at Trieste, in 1850. These productions had established his reputation as one in the first rank of living composers; but he had not yet confirmed himself as the teacher and leader of a new Italian lyrical school. He had hitherto trodden in paths already marked out, though contrasts between his style and those of his predecessors might already be discovered. A change gradually coming over Italian methods was discernible. A distinguished French writer says: "When Verdi began to write, the influence of foreign literature and new theories on art had excited Italian composers to seek a violent expression of the passions, and to leave the interpretation of amiable and delicate sentiments for that of sombre flights of the soul. A serious mind, gifted with a rich imagination, Verdi became the chief of the new school. His music became intense and dramatic: by vigor, energy, *verve*, a certain ruggedness and sharpness, by powerful effects of sound, he conquered an immense popularity in Italy, where success had hitherto been attained only by the charm, suavity, and abundance of the melodies produced."

There is no doubt that "Rigoletto," brought out at Venice in 1851, which exhibited a marked transformation and development of Verdi's genius, placed him among the founders of new musical schools. Therein the distinctive feature of dramatic vigor, sustained through a succession of rich and almost unbroken melody, ripened into a novel and much criticised but long-abiding musical system, of which Verdi has been the chief exponent ever since. Verdi himself has never ceased to regard "Rigoletto" as the highest product of his genius, though the world at large is divided between the two operas which immediately succeeded this, "Il Trovatore," performed at Rome in January, 1853, and "La Traviata," a lyrical adaptation of the younger Dumas's "Dame aux Camélias," performed at Venice for the first time two months after. Certainly Verdi, whether justly or not, reached the acme of his fame when "Il Trovatore" enchanted, almost simultaneously, the audiences of nearly every great opera-house in Europe. For two years he gave nothing to the stage, his time being largely employed in lending his personal supervision to the presentation in various places of his last two pieces. In June, 1855, "Les Vêpres Siciliennes," written for the Paris Opera, was given there: the next opera of his composition was "Simone Boccanegra," and in 1856 he produced, at Venice, "Un Ballo in Maschera," a piece in which an attempt was made to follow the new German method. It was prohibited by the censor of Naples, but was introduced at Rome without hindrance in 1859. "La Forza del Destino" was written for the Imperial Opera of St. Petersburg,

where it was sung in 1863; "Don Carlos" was first produced at Covent Garden, London, in 1867, and "Aida," his last great opera, written especially for the Khédive of Egypt, made its first appearance in Grand Cairo in 1872. It was received enthusiastically by the Egyptian audience, but its performance in Italy did not respond to the composer's hopes. Indeed, European critics pronounce both "Don Carlos" and "Aida" not worthy of the genius which has produced "Rigoletto," "Ernani," and "Il Trovatore." Among his lesser operas, written at odd periods during his busy career, may be noted "Arnoldo," "Una Vendetta in Domino," and "Le Roi Lear." In all, Verdi had composed, when "Aida" was finished, no less than twenty-nine operas, besides a host of minor compositions, before he had reached his fifty-seventh birthday. Despite his essay to display his comprehension of the German style, in "Un Ballo in Maschera," Verdi has always been essentially a national composer. He has, to be sure, shown himself keenly susceptible to progressive musical ideas; and, as has been said, he has more than once modified, and in a manner renewed his method of composition. He has not been content to be bound by dogmatic rules, but has sought continually to catch and interpret the popular taste and feeling of the time. Up to a certain period, it may be clearly discerned, he marched steadily onward; this onward march may be said to have become arrested when "La Traviata" was finished. Thenceforth he either stood still, retraced his steps, or made futile experiments; and from that time, coincidentally, his power diminished and his fame suffered. In a later rivalry with such composers as Meyerbeer and Wagner, however, he maintained a robustness and impetuous energy which, being distinctly Italian, was in contrast, and in some respects favorable contrast, with such operas as "L'Africaine" and "Tannhäuser." His music is always striking and always vigorous; with these traits, it seldom lacks a rich, redundant melody, so simple and so easily accessible to the emotions of the multitude, as to be felt by and to thrill alike the cheap gallery and the boxes. Melody, indeed, is almost monotonously abundant in nearly every one of his works; as a critic has well said, however, "his musical breath is often unequal or short." His dramatic temperament necessitates often a bold and eccentric treatment, too loud and abrupt to please the delicately-critical ear; there is always stirring movement in the score as in the *libretto*, nor does either ever descend to tameness or wearying length of scene or incident. It is noticeable that Verdi's most effective *arias*, duets, trios, are brief and spirited: a sudden blaze of song, never a lingering fire. He is essentially the most nervous, exuberant, theatrical, and sensual of all the composers of the present century. Probably none of them have been so mercilessly castigated by the professed judges and ministers of the stricter canons of operatic composition. With Haydn, Verdi might well say, "The people like my music, and love me: the professors hate my music, and abuse me." He mortally offended the latter, as both Haydn and Mendelssohn did

before him, by striking into paths, with which the professional feet were quite unfamiliar. But the popular instinct has been both his justification and his reward. "Verdi," says a writer who has studied him to good purpose, "throws himself into all he does; his music is thoroughly and altogether personal; he has the power of surrendering and giving up his spiritual life in his composition, and, as he commonly deals with high and strong emotion, he ever brings adequate resource to every emergency."

Verdi has by no means confined his public career to music. The same vigorous energy which he has expended upon the development of his peculiar talent, he has imparted into the troubled politics of Italy; and, being a progressive and reformer in the one, so he has been advanced and bold in pursuing the other path. After the war of 1859, he was chosen by his native village a member of the Assembly of Parma, which voted for annexation to Sardinia, with which cause he was actively identified. The rise of the party of Italian unity found him in its ranks, and, indeed, Verdi's name, the letters of which formed the initial letters of the patriotic legend, "Vittorio Emmanuel Re d'Italia" (Victor Emmanuel, King of Italy), became a watchword among the northern unitists. In 1861, he was chosen a deputy in the Parliament of Italy from Parma; ten years later he was appointed by the Minister of Public Instruction to superintend the reorganization of the Italian Musical Institute.

Verdi has received many decorations and titular distinctions. He is a member of the Legion of Honor, was elected corresponding member of the French Academy des Beaux-arts in 1859, received the Grand Cross of the Prussian Order of St. Stanislaus in 1862, became a foreign associate of the Academy des Beaux-arts in 1864, and was decorated with the crosses of Grand Officer of the Order of the Crown of Italy, and of the Egyptian Order of Osmanli, in 1872. The composer still resides in the neighborhood of his birthplace. He occupies an elegant mansion, the Villa di Sant'Agata, a short distance from Busseto, adorned with many quaint, artistic devices, approached by a venerable bridge, with a fine garden, at the foot of which is an artificial lake. He possesses a large and prolific farm, with a numerous peasant tenantry, well cared for, and yielding a profitable income. In his bedroom, where alone he composes, is a large piano, of which instrument, as well as the violin, he is a distinguished master; a modest library, and a large, oddly-shaped writing-desk; while about the apartment are to be observed statuettes, pictures, and other evidences of the occupant's artistic taste and temperament. He rises methodically between five and six, and takes a vigorous walk over his farm; after breakfast, he shuts himself up in his room, where he spends the day composing, writing letters, and reading works of philosophy, politics, or history.

Verdi's personal appearance is distinguished and prepossessing. A tall figure, with sturdy limbs and broad shoulders, is surmounted by a well-shaped head and broad forehead, with swarthy complexion, abundant hair, beard, and mustache, black, sprinkled

with gray; dark-gray eyes, regular features, and an earnest, sometimes intense expression. His manner is brusque, but kindly, and his attachment to friends is warm and constant. Though he often appears in the brilliant society of Florence and Paris, he seems to be happiest in the elegant seclusion of the Villa Sant' Agata. He is still in the prime of his years and strength, but it is doubtful whether he has not produced the last of his great popular operas. Surely, no one who has enjoyed the stirring strains of "Il Trovatore," and the plaintive and melting pathos of "La Traviata," will begrudge their creator his well-earned ease and luxury.

GEORGE M. TOWLE.

FAITH MURRAY'S VOW.

NOT an ungenerous girl was Faith Murray by any manner of means, and her honest blue eyes were very pleasant and kindly to look into. A part, nevertheless, of Faith's inheritance from her high-headed Scotch ancestry had been a somewhat hasty and jealous disposition, and a goodly share of their own unyielding obstinacy. As her mother was apt to remark at times: "Faith is a dear girl, but she needs management, and it isn't everybody that knows how."

Not "everybody," indeed; and assuredly not such a bluff, frank, straightforwardly up-and-down fellow as Curtis Howland.

Tall, broad-shouldered, curly-headed, dark-eyed, was Curt, and his white teeth were perpetually gleaming, through his heavy mustache, in a smile that betokened good-will to every soul he met, male or female.

That was very much the way in which he came so utterly to grief in his "management" of Faith Murray. He was as true as steel, and she knew it; but his universal popularity had shaped itself, strangely enough, into one of her pet grievances, and this she had nursed into such strength that its evil energy burst forth, at last, just at the wrong time and place.

Openly, angrily, and in the hearing of others even, had Faith told Curt, on their return from the last picnic and boating party of the season, that she "would never put her foot into a boat of his again."

Curt had replied, with a laugh. "Then I'll always have to borrow one for you of somebody else;" but Faith learned afterward that, from that day forth, the square-nosed but light-built and almost handsome skiff, which had carried so merry a party to the picnic, had never, since that day, been loosed from its chain at the head of the little cove where the Howland farm came down to the river.

When winter approached, the boat had been taken out, of course, and carefully carted to its customary shed near the great barns, but Faith felt very sure that no other female foot since her own had been permitted to step within it.

As week had followed week, and month after month went by, Curt Howland's broad and merry face had seemed to grow a trifle graver and more thoughtful; but his thoughts, however serious they may have been, had taught him little additional wisdom. If they

had, he would have known better than to say what he did to Faith when he made his first out-and-out effort at reconciliation.

He had refused all along to be on any other than "speaking terms," and had "left Faith to do her own quarreling" in a way that was exceedingly impolitic and exasperating.

She had fairly longed to see him show some signs of temper or sentiment, and she had derived no small degree of satisfaction from the manner in which he had treated his boat. She had fairly warmed toward him, one day, when she learned of his borrowing a skiff to go duck-hunting, and yet she had muttered:

"He said he would borrow a boat to take me out in, but I'll teach him a lesson yet!"

Perhaps Curt thought he had learned all the lesson that was necessary, but, at all events, one fine December day, he decided to call for Faith Murray and ask her to go with him on the grand sleighing-party to the "quilting-bee" across the river. There would be such a magnificent drive on the ice, and such a splendid opportunity to make up, and Curt had laid the matter very close, indeed, to his heart and hopes.

And yet, even when he went after her, he blundered, just like himself, from the very beginning. Instead of dashing up in his gay little cutter, with "just room for two," the sleigh he drove was the biggest of all the half-dozen or so that were hitched in front of Squire Murray's ample door-way, and Faith had said to herself, as she looked at it from the window:

"Looks as if he was going to carry all the girls in the neighborhood!" and her blue eyes had darkened, and her fair cheeks had flushed with fresh vexation. She was, every bit, ready to take fire, therefore, a few minutes later, when her too open-hearted admirer asked:

"You'll step into my sleigh, won't you, Faith, even if you won't put your foot in my boat?"

And she answered, sharply:

"No, indeed, sir, I don't care to ride in an omnibus. You will, doubtless, have plenty of company without me."

If Curt Howland had seemed to make light of his rebuff at the summer picnic, it was very different now, and there was something in the pained, hurt, disappointed expression of his manly and really handsome face that would have carried the day in his favor under any other circumstances. Every girl in the room was on his side in a moment—but Faith's rosy cheeks burned only the hotter for her consciousness of that fact—and the only person present who felt any real satisfaction was Silas Herring, the village lawyer, who was now sure of his good fortune to officiate as Faith Murray's escort to and from the quilting.

As for Curt himself, not a word said he, but turned steadily and dignifiedly toward the door, and in another minute the quick, sharp jingle of bells told Faith that his sleigh was, like his boat, doomed to go empty of lady-passengers until her own feet came back to it.

Up to that moment Curt's mind had been

occupied only with joyous anticipations of reconciliation with Faith, and of the fun he would have on the sleigh-ride, going and coming, as well as at the quilting. Now, however, as his fleet team drew him swiftly along the river-road on his lonely way homeward, his eyes wandered up and down the river, predisposed to discover any thing that might appear to suggest an interference with the contemplated merry-making.

It is very strange how differently the world will look to a man in one frame of mind and another! That morning the sun had been cheery, the sleighing had been extraordinarily good, and Curt's merry eyes had discovered no flaws in the prospect; but now, as if his wits were sharpened by Faith Murray's rough reply, he began to discern that the snow was remarkably soft and "soggy;" that, although the first "freeze" of the winter had been a severe one, and the ice had formed thick and strong, there had now, for several days, been altogether too much sunshine; and there was no such thing as telling what the effect of it might be.

Up and down the white expanse he gazed, and here and there he saw light cutters and even heavily-laden wood-sleighs crossing and recrossing, and the former now and then putting in an extra burst of speed over the smooth and glancing surface. Neither to the right hand nor to the left did he turn, however, and, by the time Faith Murray and her friends were on their way to the quilting, Curt Howland's team was safe in the stable, while his big sleigh stood empty by the back-door of the house, with all its buffalo-ropes, blankets, clumsiness, and disgrace, still clinging to its unoccupied spaces.

As for Faith herself, she had hardly ever seemed in such exuberant spirits as she displayed that evening, and Mr. Silas Herring assumed for himself a species of personal triumph, as he compared his own position and occupation with what he could imagine of Curt Howland's brooding at home over his defeat. The quilting was thronged with young people and old, from far and near, but good, old-fashioned hours were kept, nevertheless, and all the more so, probably, because of the anticipated pleasures of the sleigh-rides afterward.

If Faith Murray had any remorseful promptings concerning her conduct, she certainly gave no external token thereof, and led the fun as if she had never heard of such a person as Curtis Howland. Perhaps a keen observer, like her own mother, if only that good lady had been present, might have inclined to the idea that Faith was "overdoing" something, but Silas Herring was not a keen observer, and the rest of the merry company neither thought nor cared what might be the source of her high spirits. When at last the "quilting-bee" broke up, those whose homeward way did not permit them to drive in the direction of the river, were half disposed to envy those whose better fortune was to lead them across its broad, smooth bosom. They little dreamed how much to be preferred were the rougher but more safe and solid roads that took them even among rugged hills and heavily-drifted valleys.

Somehow or other, instead of going to bed

at his usual hour, Curt Howland had lingered and lounged in front of his glowing, log-heaped fireplace, long after every other soul in the house had gone to bed. He had pretended, at first, to occupy himself with a book, but by-and-by the volume dropped on the floor. Then, for a while, Curt seemed to be absorbed in watching the vivid changes wrought by the fire as the seasoned oak and hickory slowly yielded; and then, as the forestick snapped in two, and plunged among the coals with a strange, crackling sound, he suddenly sprang to his feet, threw on his hat and overcoat, and strode out into the open air in front of the house. It was a clear, beautiful night, just the sort for a sleigh-ride, and not so cold but what there was a continual drip, drip, at the eaves of the house. The tinkle of the falling drops, however, with now and then the crash of a loosened icicle, fell on his ears with a painful jar. Could it be possible that such a man had nerves? But now, swiftly down the road there came a sound of bells, and the vision of a sleigh was halted for a moment by the gate.

"Howland!" shouted a deep, hoarse voice. "Ah, you are up, are you? Well, there's a big rise in the river, and it's a comin' this way fast. I've been just a racin' down the road to warn folks not to try the ice, but I reckon I've come as far as I need. Can you give me a sleep and a breakfast?"

"Of course I can," promptly replied Curt, "and you've done a right-good neighborly thing. It's Jake Robinson, isn't it?"

"That's my name," heartily responded the stranger, "and I've only tried to do as I'd be done by."

"Well, then," said Curt, "you go into the house and go to bed. I'll hitch up my team and see if I can make out to keep the sleigh-party from mischief. There must be time enough for that, yet, seeing the quilting comes first—"

"I'll stable my horses," replied the philanthropic Jake, "but I don't go into no bed, so long's there's anybody likely to be in danger. Drag out your sleigh. Is that it? Well, there's room into it for more'n two, there is."

Curt Howland's movements were always a good deal more rapid and decisive than they seemed, and it was marvelous how quickly he and Jake were whirling down toward the customary crossing. In one thing, however, Curt had been woefully mistaken, and that was in the probable hour for the quilting to break up. Even while he was putting the harness on his good team, there were terrible perils gathering around the gay sleigh-riders. Not only had the "bee" dispersed, but already had a dozen different sets of bells rang fast and far on the frozen river, and already the first symptoms of the coming "rise" were beginning to show themselves in the ominous groaning of the ice as the tide beneath it strained and lifted at its frosty fetters. Beyond a doubt they would be broken ere long.

"Hark!" exclaimed Curt, as he drove out from the shore. "Did you hear that? We shall hardly have time to get across, I'm afraid."

"Then they won't need no warnin'," coolly remarked Jake.

"Hark!" again cried Curt Howland, but

hoarsely, this time, and with something like pain in the intensity of his utterance. "I did hear it! There's a team coming down the river at a run!"

Jake Robinson himself heard it now, and exclaimed:

"It does sound mighty like a runaway, I declare. Just hark to them bells!"

Curt's breath would have come even faster and his heart would have jumped more fiercely, if he had known the whole truth. The horses of the sleighing-party had recognized the signs of approaching danger much more promptly than had their masters, nor had it been at all difficult, in most cases, for their skillful drivers to head the frightened but willing brutes toward safety and the shore. The single exception had been in the young and stylish but ill-broken span over which Sile Herring held the reins, for the gay young lawyer was not only not a "skillful driver," but he had failed to understand the situation at first, and had lashed his poor colts mercilessly for their trembling refusal to go forward. Even when he consented to wheel them, he had not been able to guide them landward, for a great heave and groan of the ice around him had just then nearly scared the senses out of both him and his quadrupeds. In a moment more the fright of the latter was a wild "runaway," right down the river, and certainly had one good result, for it bore the sleigh and its occupants swiftly away from what was fast becoming an angry tumult of cracking, tossing, grinding fragments. All this Curt Howland did not know, but, nevertheless, he drove straight forward instantly, with a dim idea of giving help to somebody. Well for him that he did so, for, in less than half a minute, he found himself spinning along at almost racing speed, behind a light sleigh, in which there shortly arose a female form, which he knew only too well, while a clear, firm voice exclaimed:

"O Curt, the ice is breaking! Drive ashore right away!"

And he had shouted, in reply:

"Head 'em for the island, Sile; you can bring 'em in there. I'll follow right on. Don't be scared.—Faith, I won't leave you."

And then another form had risen in the sleigh, and Faith Murray herself caught the falling reins as Sile Herring dropped them and sprang out upon the ice. It was a rash and foolish thing to do, and Curt reined in just long enough to say—

"That's it, Jake; jump out and drag him ashore, while I go on after the runaways."

Jake obeyed heroically, and he found that Sile Herring did indeed require "dragging" to get him ashore, after that wild spring and thump upon the ice.

Faith was alone in her sleigh now, and but little sorry for that, to tell the truth, or even that she had the reins in her own hands, for she knew how to manage them far better than the panic-stricken youth who had deserted her, while the colts themselves were getting the first frenzy of their fright somewhat raced out of them. The brave girl knew very well what Curt meant by "the island": a low-lying bit of duck-marsh and drift-wood hardly above the water's edge, not a great way farther down-stream, but in the very middle

of the river. She thought it a strange stopping-place, at first, until she recalled how bluff and steep were the banks on either side of the river for miles below the accustomed "crossing."

Straight for the island, then, and Curt Howland's sleigh was close behind her; but, even as her wild young team sprang up the low acclivity, there came to Faith's ears a sharp, quick, snapping sound; the reins were jerked from her hands, and she found herself suddenly sitting still in her light cutter, while the colts went madly on, with the pole and its attachments hanging at their heels. No uncommon thing for "Irons" to snap, under such circumstances; and, if Faith was dismayed for a moment, Curt Howland felt a good deal more inclined to a hearty thanksgiving.

"Jump in, Faith, jump in!" he shouted, cheerily, as he drove alongside the cutter. "Don't you see you'll be my only passenger?"

Even in that moment of awful peril, however, Faith's obstinacy yielded slowly, and she was replying, half argumentatively:

"But, Curt, how will you ever get ashore? Don't you see that the ice is breaking? Won't we be safer on the island?"—when she found herself caught up in strong arms and lifted, with or without her will, to a snug place among the blankets and buffalo-robos at the bottom of the big sleigh.

"The river is rising. There is a great flood coming down!" exclaimed Curt. "In half an hour the island will be under water, and every thing on it swept away. I'd never have known if Jake Robinson hadn't warned me. I hitched up and came out as soon as I got the news. Thank God!"

Faith Murray felt a glow and a melting at her heart as she listened, but she made no reply. The situation certainly seemed hardly to favor much conversation, for Curt was driving fiercely up the river again, and everywhere the signs of the approaching "break-up" were growing more and more fearful and threatening.

"Why don't you drive down?" she asked.

"The rapids are only half frozen," replied Curt, "and we should surely be lost if we got into them. Besides, the water is shallower up here, and the horses will find their footing sooner after we break in."

"After we break in!" repeated Faith, to herself. "Why, the sleigh will go right to the bottom. He is terribly cool about it!"

It was a cool subject, perhaps, and Faith felt the icy shudders creep over her, in spite of her courage, as she noted how far they yet were from any possible landing-place.

And now the booming, moaning sound that Faith had heard once before that evening, began to fill their ears, and the sleigh slid hither and thither on the undulating surface, and Curt lashed his faithful, powerful span to their utmost exertion. Every minute seemed an hour; but now, at last, Curt exclaimed, exultingly:

"Hurrah, Faith! We are beyond the deep channel, I think. Back there the current is swift, and the ice will break and pile.

It's breaking now! See it!—see the great cakes go over and over?"

"But, Curt," responded the almost shivering beauty, "don't you see that the ice is parting from the shore ahead of us, just because it piles up out yonder? I can tell by the moonlight on the water. O Curt, dear, it is dreadful to be drowned, but it's even worse to think that I've brought you out here, too. Can't you swim ashore?—O Curt, I've been so very bad to you!"

"You wait a moment!" shouted the single-minded young athlete, as he gave his team the lash again. "If we can only get a little nearer the edge of the ice.—Ha! there it comes! Down in the bottom of the boat, Faith, I must use my oars!—now—quick—hurrah!"

Faith Murray had hid her face in the furs that almost covered her as she stooped, but she heard a wild, fierce, frightened neigh; a great splashing plunge, as the horses went into the water; the cracking of ice, mingled with the roaring sound of the flood; and then, instead of the arctic bath for which she had prepared herself, she was conscious of an easy, rocking, floating motion, and the music of rowlocks, as the oars were swung strongly back and forth by the sinewy arms of Curt Howland.

Then, at last, her astonishment got the better of her fear, and she looked timidly out from her hiding-place; but the color came fast into her cheeks again as she did so.

"The boat, Curt?" she said.

"Yes, the old boat herself," he replied. "I put it on instead of the sleigh-box, to come after you with, just for the fun of it, and covered it all over with robes and blankets. I only expected a good laugh, but now it has saved both our lives. You didn't mean to put your foot in my sleigh and the boat at the same time, did you, Faith?"

"O Curt, forgive me!" was all the answer that came just then, and Faith felt specially relieved at the remark which instantly followed.

"There are the horses—safe on their feet in the shallows and making for the shore. We'll be there, too, in five minutes. Just look at the lanterns along shore! There must be twenty men!"

Down went Faith Murray's head among the furs again, but, in spite of the roaring water and the rattle of the rowlocks, she could plainly hear the exultant, happy, almost cooing tones of a deep, musical voice, that repeated her name over, and over, and over, with other words that seemed to be fitted wonderfully well both to name and voice.

"The boat and the sleigh, both!"

How strangely her rash and cruel words had come to naught, and what a man among men was Curtis Howland!

When at last the square prow of the skiff grated on the ice and gravel at the margin, and the strong arms once more caught her up and bore her onward, Faith Murray's blushing face was ready to nestle close to Curt's shoulder, and she whispered:

"No other boat but yours, if you'll forgive me—no, not as long as I live!"

WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

A DAUGHTER OF BOHEMIA.*

A NOVEL.

By CHRISTIAN REID.

CHAPTER XVI.

"Oh, hadst thou always better thought of men, Thon hadst then acted better. Curt suspicion! Unholy, miserable doubt! To him Nothing on earth remains unwrenched and firm Who has no faith."

At eleven o'clock at night—the night of the day which had witnessed, among a million or so other social transactions, the excursion of Miss Grahame and her guests to Strafford—Arthur Tyndale was walking from Rosland across the starlit fields in the direction of his own domain. Strongly against his inclination, he had been obliged to return with the party to dinner. Max had unequivocally declined this pleasure; but Max was a free man and could do as he liked, despite Mrs. Sandford's appealing glances. Arthur, on the other hand, was bound in the chains of one of the most oppressive forms of bondage on this earth of ours—that of an "engaged" man. However unexact his *fiancée* may be—and singularly unexact Leslie was—society demands certain observances and attentions from the man who has entered into an engagement of marriage, which not seldom weigh with a most irksome weight on his spirit.

"You are coming with us, Arthur, are you not?" Miss Grahame had said when they took their departure; and Arthur—who would have given any thing to answer "No"—stood literally devoid of a decent excuse for doing so. He could not say that the day had been so oppressively wearisome that it had rendered him unfit for any other social duty; still less could he say that, to be in Norah's society without any opportunity of obtaining a word or even a glance from her, had grown intolerable to him. The memory of other days was with him all the time—of days when no one in the world had a right to come between them, when she was his, his only, his forever, as he had thought, according to the poor jargon in which we dress up our brief fever-fits of fancy.

Now all this was changed. She was Carl's, Max's, anybody's, rather than his—and he was engaged to Leslie Grahame. These were two facts which stared him relentlessly in the face, as he walked through the quiet, dewy fields, watching the sinking, crescent moon, while he smoked his cigar and pondered various things, profitable and otherwise. Chief among the latter class were many thoughts of Norah Desmond. He could not forget that this woman, who stood as far from him now as one of the planets journeying tranquilly over his head, might, a year before, been his wife at a word. It was in vain that he told himself that things were much better as they were; that Leslie suited him incomparably better than her brilliant Bohemian sister ever could have done—his heart, his fancy, his passion, whatever was most concerned, said "Nay" to it all. He felt in every fibre that

he was Norah's slave again—that he had been her slave ever since the moment she first looked at him with her imperious eyes.

Yet this folly—this sudden, reckless revival of a passion which, for eighteen months, had lain dormant and made no sign—did not blind his eyes to the position in which he stood. Norah's cynicism was founded on truth in one respect at least—men are not likely to play fast-and-loose with their plighted word when it is passed to one of their own order, to a woman supported by all that wealth and position can give, however lightly they may hold it where the daughter of a Macaire is concerned. To disregard an engagement with Norah Desmond was one thing; to break an engagement with Leslie Grahame quite another. Mr. Tyndale fully recognized the distinction which made this difference.

So it was that his reflections went much in a circle, like a vicious syllogism. Norah and Leslie, Leslie and Norah; the terrace at Baden and the terrace at Strafford made a strange medley in his mind, as he walked slowly through wood and field; and when, after having smoked half a dozen cigars, he found himself at last at the door of Strafford, he was still unable to perceive any ray of light illuminating the predicament in which he found himself. "I'll see Max, anyhow!" he thought. Max had come to fill very much the position of a moral bolster to Mr. Tyndale's wavering desires and resolutions.

But when he mounted to Max's room—from which a light was streaming out on the summer night—he found it deserted. A fresh breeze was blowing through the open windows, and tossing over a number of loose papers on a table in the centre of the floor, but the deep leathern chair beside the table, in which Max had evidently been lounging, was empty. Into this chair Arthur flung himself—resting his head against the back, and closing his eyes wearily. He would wait for his cousin, he thought, feeling literally incapable of any further exertion in the way of search, just then. To employ his own phrase, he was "dead beat" by the listless wanderings and various emotions of the day. It had been, from first to last, not only a bore, but something much worse than a bore to him. He had been full of intense weariness and passionate jealousy both at once, combined with the absolute necessity of showing neither; and the overwrought strain consequent upon this state of affairs, had caused his insane outbreak of the afternoon. What harm he had done himself by this outbreak he could not as yet determine. Though he could not drive the memory of Norah's last words or Norah's last looks from his memory, he felt that it was impossible to pause and weigh them in their practical bearing. His head was not cool enough for such work. Max, now, might very readily be capable of it, but the very last thing in the world which Arthur thought of doing, was of telling the story of his folly to Max. He knew his cousin's partisanship for Leslie Grahame, and his cousin's stern ideas of honor, too well to venture upon such a recital.

It may be imagined, perhaps, that the thought of having been overheard by Mrs. Sandford—who had so unexpectedly seen

* ENTERED, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1873, by D. APPLETON & Co., in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

nounced her presence in the library-window—was a trifle the reverse of pleasant, and added another complication to those already thickening around him. But there are some fortunate people in the world who, with regard to all matters not absolutely certain, are able to believe just what they wish to believe. Probability is for them tinged entirely with the color of their own needs and desires. Conscience itself readily becomes their advocate. To this class, Arthur Tyndale belonged. It was not convenient to him to introduce another element of annoyance into the troublesome imbrolio in which he found himself—therefore he chose to ignore the probability that Mrs. Sandford had overheard any thing of what passed on the terrace. Her presence in the library was, as she had explained, a mere accident. She had just come in—she could have heard nothing—she had evidently been entirely unaware of the near neighborhood of any one else. All this he believed, because it suited him to believe it. There are many people in the world who are unable to give any better reason for much more important creeds.

So, going over the same tread-mill of exasperating thought, he yawned and waited, and waited and yawned, half an hour for Max. But, even at the end of half an hour, Max had not appeared.

"What the deuce keeps the fellow?" Arthur thought, impatiently.

Just then a fresher breeze than any which had gone before swept into the room, waving back the curtains, making the flame of the lamp flicker, and scattering broadcast over the floor the already fluttering papers on the table.

"He'll find his things in fine confusion when he does come!" thought the visitor, lazily.

But it did not occur to him to remedy this confusion by recapturing any of the odds and ends which were wafted past him. On the contrary, he watched them with indolent interest as they were blown to and fro into the nooks and corners—some into the fireplace, some under the bed—until, glancing back to the table, his eye suddenly lighted upon a letter which lay there idly fluttering as if uncertain whether or not to follow its companions.

As his glance fell on it, he started violently. His complexion flushed, and then paled again; he caught his breath audibly. Blotted and blurred though it was, he recognized in an instant Norah Desmond's writing.

For a minute amazement held him literally motionless. As he sat, gazing stupidly at the familiar characters—for to mistake that bold, black chirography for the writing of any other woman would have been as impossible as to mistake Norah herself for a fashionable nonentity from a boarding-school—a dozen wild thoughts and conjectures rushed into his mind. What was the meaning of it? How did such a letter come to be here? Had it been addressed to Max? Were they either, or both of them, playing him (Tyndale) false? Was it a flirtation? Was it a negotiation? His brain felt in a whirl. One thing only was certain: whatever it was, it concerned him vitally, and he must know what it meant.

There was no time for scruples or wire-drawn notions of honor when he was being deceived and tricked like this! Had not Max, that very morning, assured him that his intercourse with Norah had been entirely unsatisfactory, as well as very slight; and now, here on Max's table, lay a letter which in itself went far to prove such a statement utterly untrue!

"I could not have believed it of him!" Arthur thought, aghast at the gulf of perfidy which yawned before him. His indignation amounted, indeed, to a sense of absolute outrage—a curious fact, which those will readily credit who have observed what a different standard in love, friendship, faith, or general morality, we have for our friends and for ourselves. We gracefully stretch the truth to meet the pressure of any necessity which may arise; we govern our conduct by the strictest rule of expediency; we allow ourselves the widest latitude in every possible respect, and demand that no evil shall be thought—but, if we have the slightest reason to suspect that others are doing unto us as we have done unto them, disgust and misanthropy are very sure to follow. "This is human nature!" we cry, when we detect in one falsehood the agreeable friend to whom we have probably told a dozen. "This is affection, this is friendship! Oh, who would put faith in either?" So it was with Tyndale. He had felt toward Max as toward a brother; he had trusted Max with every thing; and now for Max to deceive him on such a vital point as this!

But he must read the letter. He must know how far he had been deceived, how far betrayed. No doubt it contained some definite assurance of what Norah meant to do. It was imperative that he should gain this assurance at any cost. He repeated again that it was no time for scruples or hesitation. He was being deceived, and in self-defense he must know in what manner and in what degree.

So, nerving himself to an act from which every instinct even of conventional honor shrank, he at last extended his hand and took up the letter—a letter which seemed destined to be the plaything alike of chance and of the winds of heaven—and opened it. The first line told him that it was not addressed to Max. Before he had time to read a second, he heard Max's quick, ringing step in the hall below.

It was the work of an instant to fold the sheet of paper and slip it into the breast-pocket of his coat. There was no time for thought or deliberation. Impulse said, "It is as much yours as his—take it!" and he followed the dictate of impulse. Before Captain Tyndale had mounted the stairs and reached the door, he had thrown himself back, and was shading his eyes from the light, as if half asleep.

"What! you here?" said the former, in a tone of surprise, as he entered. "When did you get back from Rosland?"

"At least half an hour ago," answered Arthur, starting as if abruptly roused. "I have been waiting for you until I had almost given you up. Where the deuce have you been all this time?"

"Taking a turn in the park to cool my head," answered Max. "I suppose it is our unusual gayety which has upset it; but I found myself amazingly warm and restless in the house."

"It is warm again; but I should think you would have rowed off all inclination to restlessness to-day."

"I did very little rowing, except when I took Mrs. Sandford out; then I was anxious to bring her back as soon as possible."

"You did bring her back very quickly," said Arthur, in rather an injured tone. "It could not have been an hour after I left her on the lake when, to my surprise, she was smashing Dante in the library."

"Yes, I made short work of it," said the other, complacently. "Rather shorter work than she took to be civil, I fancy; for, while I was fastening the boat, she started off to the house by herself, and, since I was not particularly anxious to overtake her, we did not meet again till after the Dante calamity. I suppose when she came in she thought she would do a little exploring on her own account."

"Confound her!" said Arthur, with the most sincere emphasis. Then—conscious that he was verging on dangerous ground—he went on hurriedly, lest this subject might lead to some inquiry with regard to Norah and himself: "You see I have been taking life easily while I waited for you," he said, "though you needn't think it is I who have been playing the mischief with your papers. The wind served you that trick, and I was too lazy to set things to rights."

"It is not a matter of any importance," said Max, casting a careless glance at his scattered effects. "You have returned soon," he added, leaning back in his chair, and covering a yawn by pulling his long mustache.

"Soon, do you call it? It can't be less than twelve o'clock."

"And isn't that soon for a summer night, with stars and bright eyes, and all that sort of thing to keep you awake?"

"The bright eyes were looking rather sleepy when I left Rosland. I don't think we can flatter ourselves that our fishing-party was very much of a success, Max."

"I never flattered myself for a moment that it would be, my dear fellow," answered Max, cheerfully.

"And yet," said Arthur, quickly, "it ought to have been a success in one respect at least. You certainly had a sufficient opportunity to-day for finding out something about Norah's intentions."

"To possess an opportunity and to use it are two very different things. I am sure you are aware of that."

"You mean, then, that you did not discover any thing?"

"I mean that my attempt to do so was rewarded with very little success. Miss Desmond was as reticent as ever, and I was unable to extract any thing at all definite from her."

"That was unfortunate!" said Arthur. The other did not notice the sudden jarring tone in his voice, nor the suspicious look in his eyes. "You know nothing, then, of what her intentions are?" he added, after a

minute, endeavoring with only tolerable success to keep all significance out of the inquiry.

"Nothing," answered Max, slowly, "except— He paused just there and hesitated.

"If your exception does not rest under the seal of confidence, pray don't hesitate on my account," said Arthur. "I can credit Miss Desmond with any degree of resentful feeling and resentful determination to avenge her wrongs."

"You will credit her with something, then, of which I have seen no sign," answered Max, glancing with some surprise at him. "I was about to say—though I beg you to

"I am afraid it is not much more than that," said Captain Tyndale, gravely.

"By Heaven, I will not endure it!" said the other, vehemently. "Max, do you mean to tell me that this is all that you have been able to obtain from her?"

"It is all," answered Max, a little coldly.

"But, unless you deliberately go to work to injure your own cause, I do not think that you have very much to fear. She is a proud woman, and a generous woman, this Norah Desmond."

"Do you imagine that you know her better than I do?" asked Arthur, sneeringly.

"It is true you spent three hours alone in

trouble; that you may marry Miss Grahame to-morrow without any fear of what she may do or say."

Arthur winced a little at this assurance. Max would have been still more surprised if he could have seen how very little inclination he felt just then to marry Leslie Grahame, with all her sweetness and all her grace, on the next day, or any other day, for that matter.

"Moral certainties don't count for much," he said, after a minute. "I'd rather have one proof that she means it."

"I am sorry to say I have no proof to offer. An ambassador's word should be worth some-



"What had this foolish, fluttering widow overheard?"—Page 770.

understand that I have received no pledge to such an effect—that I think it likely Miss Desmond may be more generous than you anticipate."

"Generous!"—a flush came over the handsome, blond face. "That is an indefinite expression at best. What does it stand for? That she will bind herself to say nothing of the past, and that she will deliver up the letters?"

"No. She binds herself to nothing. You must be as well aware as I am that you are in no position to demand that she should do so."

"The upshot of the matter then is that she is to be bound to nothing, and that I am to remain entirely at her mercy?"

her society to-day; but the character that Norah Desmond shows you when she means to make a fool of you, and the character she shows you after she *has* made a fool of you, are two very different things."

"Miss Desmond is not likely to waste her ammunition on me," was the dry response. "You may set your mind at rest on that point. As for the three hours which I spent in her society, they were chiefly spent in your service. As far as I was concerned, I should have preferred a cigar under a pine-tree."

"And yet you accomplished nothing?"

"If you call it nothing to have gained a moral certainty that she will give you no

thing, however, shouldn't it? I have no reason for deceiving you."

"For deceiving me—no! But you may be mistaken."

"True enough. I advance no claim to infallibility—especially with regard to women."

"Still, you think that she means to let the matter rest?"

"I think so, undoubtedly," answered Max, impatiently. He did not understand the drift of these reiterated questions. It was growing late, he was growing tired, and when he felt like yawning again he did so, without any pretense of pulling his moustache.

Arthur took the hint, and rose.

"I see you feel as thoroughly used up as I do," said he; "therefore I'll leave you to turn in. In fact, I owe you an apology for having kept you up so long. But this cursed business dwells on my mind! I don't believe there ever was a man in such a position before! You've done your best for me, however, Max—I see that plainly—and shall not forget it. I am more grateful than you can tell—especially for your assurance—but, if I fail to give exactly your degree of credit to it, it is because I have the advantage of knowing Norah Desmond better than you do."

"I make no pretensions whatever to knowing Miss Desmond very well," Max answered. And so they parted.

When Arthur went to his own room, his first act was to lock the door—although the danger of interruption was infinitesimally small—his second, to take the letter from his pocket and read it eagerly through, from beginning to end. As he did so, his face would have been a study for any observer of human nature and human physiognomy—of whom, however, there was unfortunately none at hand. The color came and went in vivid alternations of red and white; his lips quivered, and now and then he gnawed the under one nervously. All these were significant signs with him. Once he caught his breath with the quick gasp of a man to whom a startling surprise has come. This was when he found that Norah had learned in what manner he had endeavored to deter Leslie from making any attempt to know her. "She'll never forgive that!" he muttered. "It's certain to be a duel to the death now!"

Then he went on, his eye traveling down line after line of the paragraph in which she summed up the various items of her debt against him. Even the written words seemed instinct with the passion which had dictated them. He seemed to hear her voice, to meet her eyes, in every sentence. And, when he reached the climax, in which her fiery energy spent itself—when he read the significant words, dashed out broad and black upon the white paper, in which she declared that, after having added up the debt, she felt constrained to ask what reprisal could ever equal it, his eyes remained fastened on the page for a full minute, as if fascinated.

Then suddenly he flung the letter on the table, by which he had been standing, and, turning away, walked across the room. He felt stunned—as if he had been thrown down suddenly by an unexpected hand. Such vindictive passion, such scornful renunciation, was worse than he had expected—worse even than he had feared—but, what surprised him even more than the spirit here displayed, than all of Norah's anger, or Norah's resentment, was the apparently causeless duplicity of Max. With this letter in his possession, he had not hesitated to say that he had a "moral certainty" of Miss Desmond's intention to ignore the past! With the assertion before his eyes that there was no reprisal great enough to repay her debt, he had talked of her generosity, and given hopes—nay, positive assurances—that she had relinquished all idea of using the power which rested in her hands!

"What a lesson against trusting any-

body!" Tyndale thought, coming back to the table, and looking at the letter, which lay before him. "No doubt she has turned his head, and won him completely over to her side. I might have expected that. I might have known that would be her first move. And yet Max—I did not think there was the woman in the world who could have made Max act like this! But treachery is a thing which must be expected from everybody who is not tied fast by interest to one's cause," he went on, after a minute's pause. "Good Heavens! how wise I was to take this letter!—how entirely, hereafter, I must rely on myself alone! She had plainly determined to throw me off my guard by insinuating such vague assurances as I received to-night, and then to fire the whole thing upon me when I am least expecting it. Well"—folding up the letter with a defiant air, and placing it in his pocket-book—"we shall see! The battle is opened in earnest now, and it will go hard with me if I cannot even yet outwit this shrewd schemer and her new ally!"

CHAPTER XVII.

"A lie which is all a lie may be met and fought with outright,
But a lie which is part of a truth is a harder matter to fight."

THE morning after the fishing-party at Strafford, Captain Tyndale walked over to Rosland. It was such a rare thing for him to make his appearance so early in the day—the morning being usually esteemed sacred to Arthur—that Mrs. Middleton could not restrain an involuntary expression of surprise when he was shown into the drawing-room, where she chanced to be sitting alone.

"I hope I do not intrude upon you at a barbarous hour," he said, apologetically, as he crossed the floor to her favorite alcove, where, with a desk open, she was inditing a letter, with a gold pen, on the palest sea-green paper. "I came over to inquire how the ladies are after their fatigue of yesterday. Better, I hope, than Arthur, who really seems considerably the worse for his dissipation, this morning."

"Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it," said Mrs. Middleton, in the highly-sympathetic tone in which people usually say such things. "But I thought the excursion a very imprudent one for everybody concerned. The sun this time of year is exceedingly injurious, and then the dampness—but I am glad to say that nobody seems the worse for it here. They were fatigued last night, but this morning they are all much as usual. I hope Mr. Tyndale's indisposition is not serious?"

"Oh, not at all. He complains of a headache, and of having been a little feverish last night. It is nothing much, I fancy, but I recommended him to keep out of the sun."

"Yes, that is the great point," said Mrs. Middleton, earnestly—everybody has a hobby, and her hobby was, that an ounce of prevention is worth many pounds of cure, with regard to sickness. "People talk of the night air being unwholesome on account of malaria, but I always think that whoever is careful to keep out of the sun is sure to do

very well. I sleep with my windows open every night, but I never go out in the sun, and I have not had an attack of fever in fifteen years. If you don't take care, Captain Tyndale, you will be ill," she went on, as if moved by a sudden impulse to utter a word of seasonable warning. "You are not used to our climate, and I think the manner in which Mr. Tyndale and yourself walk over here in the broiling sun, without even an umbrella—"

"But you forget, madame," said Max, laughing—he showed his French breeding in always saying "madame," instead of our curt English "madam"—"that a soldier never carries an umbrella. He would rather a thousand times endure death by a *coup de soleil* than be guilty of anything so opposed to the spirit of military discipline. I flatter myself I know something about your climate. If it means to kill me, it ought to have done so while I was marching some years ago in your army. It will not have such another opportunity soon."

"Things never come when we are expecting them," said Mrs. Middleton, shaking her head.

And, as if to point this oracular remark, a vision arrayed in purple and white—the first below, the latter above, according to the present fashion of piebald costume—whom they were neither of them expecting, appeared just then in the open door.

"O Captain Tyndale!" cried Mrs. Sandford, with a start, "is it possible this is you? I had no idea that you were here!"—Robert had only informed her of the fact five minutes before—"I came down-stairs in search of a book. I found" (appealing with infantine blue eyes to Mrs. Middleton) "that I really could not force myself to write my letters. Why can we not telegraph to our friends?" (this to Max). "If we say 'I am well—how are you?' it would be all that is necessary."

"Not quite all, I am afraid," answered he, advancing and taking the hand she offered him with bewitching frankness. "If I were fortunate enough to receive one of your telegrams, I could scarcely content myself with an equally terse reply. I should be constrained to add that I kissed your hands, at least."

"But what would be the sense of doing by telegraph what you never did in fact?" asked she, with admirable *naïveté*.

"Then, in view of future telegraphing contingencies, we had better make it fact at once," said he, raising the hand—a very pretty one, which he still held—to his lips.

Mrs. Sandford did what a foolish woman does on all possible occasions—she laughed; Mrs. Middleton looked as if she was not exactly certain what she thought of such conduct; but Max was so thoroughly at his ease, and so evidently meant his act of gallantry to be regarded in the light of something entirely conventional and free from tender significance, that after a moment she laughed, too.

"Captain Tyndale is initiating you into foreign modes of salutation," she said to Mrs. Sandford.

"What an original you are!" said that lady, surveying Captain Tyndale with a glance of manifest approval. "A thing that most

men do in a corner, and look foolish and sentimental over, you do in broad daylight and before anybody, with the utmost sang-froid."

"It is because we regard the matter from different points of view," said he. "One kisses a lady's hand in France as one shakes it here."

"I confess that this universal habit of shaking hands strikes me very unpleasantly," said Mrs. Middleton. "It proves more conclusively than any thing else the free-and-easy tone which has come over society. The idea of a young lady and a young gentleman greeting each other like a pair of school-boys! In my day people knew how to bow—a thing which they seem to have entirely forgotten now—and a lady never shook hands with any but her most intimate acquaintances."

"I am heartily glad that was not my day!" said Mrs. Sandford, enthroning herself on a sofa, and looking up with blue-china eyes at Max. "Fancy living like a set of pokers! I know how to bow, too—in the lancers—but I would rather shake hands any day!"

"So should I," said he, sitting down beside her—as she invited him to do by drawing her drapery aside—"provided I might choose the hands to shake."

"But under any circumstances you would rather kiss them, I suppose."

"Infinitely rather, if they are like yours."

"What a flatterer you are!" cried she, fluttering her fan with delight.

"A flatterer because I have eyes to see that your hands are beautiful? You have eyes yourself, and you can't possibly think that."

In this key the conversation proceeded for ten minutes. Mrs. Middleton went back to her letter philosophically. She had seen enough of modern society to be little surprised by any thing which could be said or done by the most advanced thinkers. As for Max, let that man who has never yielded to the demands for admiration and the invitation to folly held out by a pretty, vain woman, throw the first stone at him. Partly to please his companion, partly to amuse himself, he went on heaping Pelion upon Ossa in the way of compliments, until at last—having exhausted his invention—it occurred to him to ask where Miss Grahame and Miss Desmond were.

"Leslie drove, after breakfast, to Wexford, to do some shopping," Mrs. Sandford answered, "and Miss Desmond went with her. I really could not think of going! It is too horribly warm!"

"Mr. Carl Middleton went with them, I suppose?"

"No" (with a quick glance to see why he had asked the question). "I have no doubt he would have liked to do so—for it is really quite absurd to see how he is infatuated with Miss Desmond—but his uncle insisted on his going with him to pay a visit to some relation in the neighborhood. What a bore relations are, are they not?"

"Sometimes," answered Max, absently. He looked down on the hideous figures that covered a Japanese fan in his hand. He was thinking that he was glad Nora and Leslie

were for once alone. It would give them an opportunity to know each other better; it would give the former, in especial, an occasion to test her sister's feelings with regard to Arthur Tyndale, to judge whether or not he had been right in the opinion which he had expressed, and the course he had urged.

Mrs. Sandford caught the preoccupied tone in his voice, and immediately set it down to the fact that he had just heard of Miss Desmond's absence. Had he, then, come to see her? Instinctively the lady's mind went back to that three hours' absence on the lake yesterday—the absence which had been no more satisfactorily explained by Max than by Nora. Now, it may be said, once for all, that the pretty widow had no *tendresse*, likely to lead to tragedy or despair, for Captain Tyndale; but she was a woman insatiably fond of admiration, a woman who grasped at all opportunities for obtaining it, and relinquished none. In Alton society Max had been something of a lion; in Alton society, also, he had been credited to her, if not exactly as a serious conquest, still as one of the admirers whom she always liked to keep fluttering around her—men whom she did not wish or intend to marry, but with whom it was very good pastime to flirt. She had found it such very good pastime to flirt with a French chasseur—albeit the advances were mostly on her own side—that she had come down to Rosland simply to pursue that amusement, and, if possible, to "break the poor man's heart" in the course of a few idle, summer weeks. It was a disappointment, therefore, that the poor man evinced very little desire to have his heart broken, even in the most scientific manner. This she saw sufficiently soon, and with sufficient plainness; but it is not in feminine nature—even of the most dove-like kind—to relinquish a possible, probable, or positive admirer without a struggle. Mrs. Sandford perceived, or thought she perceived, that Max had serious intentions of deserting her standard for that of the beautiful Bohemian, who had already secured the only other eligible admirer in the field, so she made up her mind to show him at once what kind of a game this beautiful Bohemian was playing.

Max, still absorbed in the contemplation of his fan, and still thinking of what might be going on at that moment in Miss Grahame's phaeton; was a little surprised when a golden head—a head indebted to the chemist rather than to Nature for its gold—was bent toward him, and a sweet voice said, in a mysterious whisper:

"Make an excuse, please, for our going out. I have something very important which I must ask your advice about." Then aloud, extending two wrists, slender and white enough to match the hands already complimented: "See how unlucky I have been! I lost one of my gold bands last night in the shrubbery, and no one has been able to find it yet. I am afraid no one *will* find it, though I have offered fabulous rewards to all the servants of the establishment. You don't know how I should dislike to lose one of these bands. They were poor Mr. Sandford's last present to me, and therefore I wear them *all the time*."

Max thought that if he had any intention of succeeding poor Mr. Sandford, he should hope devoutly that the band might remain lost, and its fellow speedily follow it; but, since he had not the least aspiration that way, he cheerfully proposed—what its disconsolate owner plainly desired—that they should go in search of it.

"I always have wonderful luck," he said. "I don't think I ever looked for any thing that I did not find it; I am sure that I never laid a wager that I did not win it, nor sat down to a gaming-table without rising successful."

"Oh, you are *just* the person to find my bracelet then!" cried she, clapping her hands in an artless fashion. "Let us go at once! I shall not mind the sun at all, if you will only wait until I get my hat and parasol."

As Max acceded to this moderate request, she ran from the room in a tumult of enthusiasm which would have done credit to the affection of sixteen.

"How very excitable Mrs. Sandford is!" said Mrs. Middleton, arching her brows in a manner more significant than many words, as she looked up from the letter she had finished and was folding.

"Very excitable indeed!" answered Max, dryly. Then he laughed, and added: "It is constitutional with some people, I suppose."

The lady with whom excitement was constitutional met him presently in the hall, arrayed in a hat which seemed fashioned for the especial purpose of affording no shade whatever to the face, and armed with a club-handled parasol, provided with fringe enough to leave a little on the branches of every tree and shrub in the grounds, and still have some to spare.

Leaving the house, they took their way directly to the shrubbery, where she proposed to show him exactly the spot at which the bracelet had been lost.

"If you know exactly the spot, we may expect to find it lying on the ground," he said.

"Oh, I fear I am not so exact as that," answered she, shaking her head. "I looked for it, and Mr. Middleton looked for it, and my maid has spent the morning doing little else, so I fear even your luck will scarcely be equal to finding it. I should not have brought you out into the sun simply on *that* account," she added, "but you know I told you that I wanted to ask your advice about something very important."

"I remember, and I am all attention."

"Let us sit down here, then," pointing to a garden-seat in a sufficiently shaded position—"I never can talk about any thing of particular interest when I am walking."

Max resigned himself to the situation with as much grace as most men manage to display in similar circumstances. He brushed off the seat with his handkerchief, and they sat down; Mrs. Sandford arranged herself in a picturesque attitude, unfurled her fan, and lifted her eyes to his face.

"If you could only know what I feel!" she began, with a deprecation calculated to disarm any thing like harsh judgment or criticism.

"Is it absolutely necessary that I should

know?" asked Max. He felt inclined to laugh, only he knew that such an offense would never be forgiven. There are some natures to whom ridicule is the unpardonable sin. Already Mrs. Sandford looked at him a little suspiciously. The tone of his question did not please her.

"It is not necessary," she answered, with a serious gravity, calculated to check all levity—her eyes so wide open that he began to amuse himself with a speculation as to whether they could possibly expand any wider—"But if you could know you would understand the great reluctance I feel to saying anything even to you; yet I am so uncertain about what I ought to do, and I am so anxious to do what is right—"

"What on earth does the woman mean?" thought Max. "Is she going to consult me about her will or her marriage?"

"It was so purely accidental," pursued she, dropping her eyes to her fan. "I had so little idea—not the least in the world, in fact—of any thing of the kind when I went into the library, or no earthly consideration would have induced me to go!"

"Can it be the Dante she is talking about?" thought Max, becoming more thoroughly puzzled every minute. Then aloud: "Really, Mrs. Sandford, I fear you will think me very stupid, but I have not as yet grasped your meaning at all. What was it that you had not the least idea of when you entered the library?"

"That Mr. Tyndale and Miss Desmond were on the terrace outside," answered she, lifting her eyes again, and looking directly at him.

And, whether it was on account of the glance, or of the tone, or whether it was the significance of the words themselves, it is at least certain that Captain Tyndale started with a quick, nervous motion, foreign to his usual manner. Arthur and Miss Desmond on the terrace outside! What had this foolish, fluttering widow overheard?

"Well," he said, trying to speak lightly, and not achieving a very striking success, "there was nothing remarkable in that fact, was there? Mr. Tyndale and Miss Desmond had certainly a right to be on the terrace, had they not?"

"There was something very remarkable, I think," answered she, with marked emphasis. "You would have thought so, too, if you had overheard the declaration which I—in the most accidental manner in the world—overheard Mr. Tyndale make before I had been in the library five minutes."

"A declaration!" repeated Max. He put up his hand to his mustache, which was a very real and present help to him in times of embarrassment. "There are a great many different kinds of declarations," he added, after a minute—a very lame, and certainly not a very brilliantly diplomatic conclusion.

"Certainly," said Mrs. Sandford, in a tone of petulant satire, "I am perfectly well aware of that. There are declarations of war and declarations of peace, and declarations of love. Mr. Tyndale's declaration, as it chanced, belonged to the latter class."

"To declarations of love!" repeated Max,

starting again. "You—pardon me, but you must be mistaken! It is impossible!"

"Unfortunately, it is so!" said she, emphatically. "Never, in all my life, have I heard a declaration made more plainly. He said, as clearly as possible, that he had made a great and terrible mistake, that he did not love Leslie, and that he *did* love Miss Desmond passionately. That was his expression—passionately!"

"Indeed!" said Max. He was so taken by storm, as it were, that for a minute he forgot that he had any part to play, or any secret to guard. His bronzed skin changed color quickly, and the expanding flash of his eye fairly startled her: "Are you in earnest?" he asked, after a minute, and his voice seemed to lower and quiet strangely. "Did you hear Arthur say that?"

"Yes, I heard him say that—exactly that!" answered she, gratified, according to a curious instinct of human nature, at the sensation she had caused. "But, indeed"—mindful of the special object she had in view—"I do not think one ought to blame Mr. Tyndale very much. You men are so foolish!—you will say *any thing* when a certain kind of woman leads you on! Now, although I did not overhear very much"—she did not add that this was not her fault or her merit—"I heard enough to tell me that Miss Desmond *had* led him on."

"Are you sure of that?" asked Max. He looked at her keenly. Much as he distrusted Norah, he just then distrusted this fair, impulsive, silvery-tongued being still more. "Did Miss Desmond exhibit no indignation at such a declaration from a man who is engaged to her sister?" he added, after a moment.

Still wider opened the blue eyes, and the carefully-darkened eyebrows arched themselves.

"Indignation! I do not think Miss Desmond dreamed of such a thing, I am *sure* she did not show it. I did not hear much more than Mr. Tyndale's declaration, however, for just then I unfortunately threw down the Dante, and that ended the love-scene."

"The love-scene!" repeated Max, sternly, and his brows knit themselves into a quick frown. "Do you mean that you can apply such a term as that to any thing which took place?"

"I scarcely know what other term it would be possible to apply. Romeo was not more passionate than Mr. Tyndale, though Miss Desmond seemed less demonstrative, and struck me rather in the light of a person who was playing a cool, steady game of some kind."

"So she is!" he muttered.

Those last words went further toward removing his doubts of the story than any thing else had done. They at least were true. Norah was playing a cool, steady game, of which not even he could flatter himself that he saw the end. He could fancy just how she had listened to Arthur's madness—the madness which had put every thing which he most wished to keep secret into the hands of a "prying eavesdropper," as Captain Tyndale did not hesitate to call his fair companion in the sacred recesses of his thoughts.

"It is very evident that Miss Desmond is one of those women who cannot live without the admiration and adulation of every man they meet," said Mrs. Sandford, after a while, in a virtuous tone. "But it is very strange and very dreadful—something I cannot understand—that she should desire to obtain the affections and attentions of the man to whom her sister is engaged!"

"Such wavering affections are worth very little!" said Max, bitterly.

"But, of course, Leslie would not feel that way," answered she, eagerly. "And do you know it is about *that* I wanted to consult you—shall I tell Leslie? Of course, it would be a very painful thing to do; but still, if it were right—"

"Good Heavens, no!" cried he, fairly agast. "It would be a terrible blow to come upon her without any preparation. Let me beg you most earnestly not to think of such a thing!"

"I will not—indeed I will not!" said she, hastily. "I determined when I was considering the matter last night—I really could not sleep on account of it—that I would ask you what to do, and take your advice. I promise you that I will not say a word to Leslie."

"Thank you," said he, cordially. Then, after a second's pause, he added: "I agree with you that it is hard for any one like Miss Grahame to be deceived in this manner—a manner which I cannot trust myself to characterize either as regards her lover or her sister—but our first duty is to think of *her*, and I—if you will allow me, I should like to examine this matter further before I decide to let her hear the truth."

"Oh! I shall be so glad if you will take all responsibility off my hands," cried she, eagerly. "It was what I hoped you would do! I know how much you admire Leslie; and then you are such a friend of Mr. Tyndale's that I am sure you will endeavor to show him what Miss Desmond's true character must be. I confess I shudder when I think of *her*"—the shudder came in play in the most striking and artistic manner—"her conduct shows such an utter want of the commonest sentiments of honor. But, then, what else was to be expected from her rearing? Oh, what a pity that Leslie should ever, ever have brought her here!"

If Captain Tyndale did not echo these sentiments entirely, he at least agreed with them in a measure. Norah had most gratuitously played him false, he thought. With her assumption of frankness, her outspoken scorn and contempt for Arthur Tyndale, she had made him believe in her thoroughly; and all the time she was ready to listen to passionate protestations of devotion from the man she affected to despise, the man who was engaged to her sister! It may be said for Max that he would not have been likely to give implicit credence to Mrs. Sandford's narrative, if other proofs had not confirmed it. But something in the expression of Arthur's face and Arthur's tone when he had spoken the night before of her presence in the library—that presence which the broken bust of Dante attested—came back to him like a ray of light. This was what it meant: There had been a "love-

scene" on the terrace with Norah—with Norah, who an hour before had uttered such bitter words of Arthur and Arthur's love! Well, there could be no doubt Mrs. Sandford was right—that she was integrally false. After all, was it remarkable? Could anything else be expected from a girl whose life had been spent among the adventurers and adventuresses of Bohemia? Perhaps she was bent on a bolder stroke than he had even fancied—perhaps she meant to lead Arthur back into the chains of the old infatuation, and then make him marry her! How easily this might be accomplished, Max scarcely ventured to acknowledge to himself. He felt that there was nothing in Arthur's character on which, in any emergency, it was possible to rely. What could be predicated with safety of a man who, in open disregard of his plighted faith, averred that he loved "passionately" a woman whom he had only mentioned in tones of contemptuous repugnance a month before? Thinking of him, Max felt that hopelessness which we have many of us known in similar cases. With a person, however bad, who possesses any thing like stability, it may be possible to know, after a fashion, what to do; but, with one whose opinions, feelings, and resolves, are like the yielding sand, he must be a sage, indeed, who can resolve upon any fixed course of action.

A SAVAGE BEAUTY.*

By FREDERICK BOYLE.

IT was on one of the great Eastern rivers that I made the experience you are about to hear. There are reasons, which I must not disregard, for preserving this vagueness as to the locality. But I would assure the reader, with all seriousness, that my story is true, and its moral sound. As a rule, one expects anonymous adventures, without date or address, to be alike amusing, scandalous, and false; but the two latter qualities my tale decidedly has not. Strictness of fact is its justification, for the moral contained therein can necessarily be useful only to a few.

Pictorial to yourself a solitary canoe lying moored in the mid-waters of a great tropic river. There are now houses and towns on the bank which, at the time I knew it, was but a verdant swamp, broken here or there by a tiny patch of rice-ground, a cluster of little huts, or the tall dwelling of a chief. On the evening of which I speak, ten years ago, not a European could have been found within a hundred miles of my canoe. The night fell suddenly down, dark and windy; the tide was at its highest, and the only extreme tips of the "nipas"—that ugly sister in the graceful family of palms—rose above the flood. My canoe was anchored above their fern-like crowns, and, over it and under, the stiff, awkward branches thrust themselves. The breeze moaned and whistled among them, rattling their harsh leaves together. There were as yet neither stars nor moon; the clouds seemed to hang almost on the dark surface of the water, which stretched,

rippling and sighing, on either side, till its eddies were lost in an abyss of vapor. Far off, above the invisible bank, a red light glowed through the mist, and the boatmen declared that it burned in the house of a great war-chief, a mile away. There was nothing to see through the dull evening vapors, except that distant fire; nor to hear, except the rustling of the wind, the bending of the nipa-boughs, and the eager but monotonous sucking of the tide.

My boatmen lighted their fire forward. Soon it began to blaze, under the fostering of a dozen hands already numbed with cold. The red sparks leaped from swirl to swirl of the river timidly, brightened, took courage, flamed up, and irradiated a wild expanse of troubled water. The boatmen clustered round their stone hearth as closely as the narrow sides of my canoe would suffer them. A brave and honest set they were as ever traveler loved, but most exceeding ugly. As they crouched before the fire forward, their picturesque costumes and misshapen features outlined against the blaze and ruddy smoke, I pleased myself, lying on my mattress, with recalling the old German stories of gnomes and goblins, to which strange creatures my poor fellows were most curiously like. But I don't know that in all my wanderings I ever felt so utterly alone, so small a speck on the great breast of Nature, as that night. I watched the wreathing swathes of mist stalking over the water to my very side. I listened to the gurgling of the tide, and its steady "lap" against the gunwale, and I thought of times and faces in pleasant Europe with a sort of despair.

Suddenly my meditation was broken by a peeling "Ho—o!" from the mid-darkness. My boatswain answered the unseen challenger, and held a short conversation with him in the dialect of the interior; then, addressing me, thus announced visitors: "The brave chief from the next reach, my lord, desires to present his slavish worship." "Tell the brave chief of the next reach," I answered, "that his slave, and all his slave's ancestors in their coffins, rejoice at this happy meeting. And pass a candle aft, if there's one left in the locker." There was one left in the locker, which I stuck into a bottle and fixed to the gunwale. In another moment the sharp nose of a canoe shot out of the misty curtain into our red half-circle. I was used to these visits from savage chiefs, and felt little interest in the strangers. Their courtesy entailed a certain diminution of my precious stores, specially of spirits and tobacco, and an uncertain sacrifice of other valuables. Not that these naked friends of mine stole! But they had a horribly frank habit of asking point-blank for aught that took their fancy, and it was not an easy, nor perhaps quite a safe thing, to disappoint them. Therefore, though prepared to give current value for the presents which this worthy chief was sure, under any circumstances, to send next day, I could easily have dispensed with his courteous visit overnight.

There were three persons, I saw, in the approaching canoe. Two paddled, and the third sat aft. I did not look particularly. My boatmen had hastily raised over me the

thatch, called "kajong," which protects a traveler from the sun; this ceremony was no doubt proper under the circumstances, but it had the effect of limiting my view. The canoe grated alongside my larger craft, but the deep shadow cast by the kajong hid from me the appearance of its occupants. I raised myself in the cross-legged position which the Eastern voyager so soon acquires, and prepared a neat oration. In another moment a tall, muscular old man emerged from the darkness, rested his hand lightly on the gunwale of my boat, and stepped in, with no more commotion than is caused by walking aboard a three-decker. "The brave chief of the next reach," observed my boatswain ceremoniously, and I greeted the worthy old man with a smile and a shake of the hand. He sat down at the farther side of the boat, silently, but in great and visible contentment. I prepared to assail him with certain statistical questions, such as, I assure you, these savages are neither perplexed to hear nor unable to answer. "How many fighting-men follow you?" I was about to ask, when another hand was placed upon the gunwale—another figure came up suddenly from the dark river, and stepped with ease upon my rickety craft. "The wife of the brave chief who lives on the next reach," announced the boatswain, who sat crouched beneath the kajongs. I smiled and shook hands. The wife took a place beside her husband with a familiar confidence pleasant to see. "How many fighting—" I was interrupted again! My left hand rested on the gunwale, instinctively placed there when the "brave chief's wife" boarded me, to counteract any ugly lurch which her unskillfulness might cause. On this hand was suddenly placed another, belonging evidently to a person outside my boat. So small and slender were those fingers that thus clasped mine, so soft and dainty and delicate—all the blood in my body tingled; for I thought surely 'tis the hand of a mermaid—a Lorely! But no! A third visitor rose from the darkness—rose, resting its hand still on mine—rose and stood upright before me, framed in the velvety blackness of the night. It was the figure of a young girl, sixteen years old at most, sparkling, shining, in the candle-light. She was simply clad in a short petticoat of woolen stuff, which did not quite reach the knee. Her arms and wrists were encircled with many bracelets of gold and shell, and ornaments of brass; it was a crime so to overload them, for their shape was worthy of Hebe. Round and round her slender waist a chain of small gold rattles was twisted, which tinkled faintly with each motion. Her graceful head had no covering, except such coils of fine black hair as three Englishwomen might with joy have shared among themselves. The hair was not parted, but drawn back from the forehead, and tied in a smooth knot, with a quantity of strongly-scented flowers; the ends fell in a shower behind, almost to her waist. This fashion, which civilized ladies are just adopting, is the common coiffure of the land I speak of. The girl's features were perfect, from low, round forehead to dimpled chin, and wholly European in character, save that no eyes of our

* "Camp-Life: Stories of Sport and Adventure in Asia, Africa, and America." Chapman & Hall (London).

some could laugh with such velvet softness, nor plead with humility so irresistible; for this young savage's face shone down upon me with dewy lips parted in a timid smile, and innocent, saucy eyes, that said, plainly as words: "Am I not pretty? You are a great lord, and almost more than man, but you cannot refuse me a place in your canoe!" And all the while she kept her little soft hand on mine, while I stared dimly upward, marveling at her loveliness. "The daughter of the brave chief who lives on the next reach!" gravely announced my boatswain from under the kajongs.

"The daughter of the brave chief who lives on the next reach is welcome to her slave's resting-place!" I said, with an affectation of mighty indifference. But the attempt failed, I suspect, for my boatmen forward, who had, like all their race, a true Italian interest in the minutest *affaire du cœur*, laughed gently, as they sat beside their fire, and stole a glance aft. But the little beauty was too profoundly conscious of her own value, personal and political, to care one straw for the impertinence of mere boatmen. She murmured a few words, in a voice sweet as the lips from which it issued, and received a merry answer from her father. Then she looked down at me with a joyous smile, and, putting her foot on the gunwale—Ah! but I cannot leave that foot undescribed. Would I were a poet, gifted with Théophile Gautier's skill to celebrate the divinity of form! His fervor I feel in recalling the vision of that fairy foot, but not a tone of that wondrous voice have I. What was it that enraptured me?—a foot!—a member common to all animals, and sufficiently despised.

I will give the measurement of it, as taken afterward. The girl was of ordinary height, four feet ten, or so; her foot lay easily in my hand—that is, was something under seven inches long. When I closed my grasp on that daintiest of prizes, my second finger and thumb could meet within an inch round the instep, or, by an exercise of some little strength, could be made to touch. But what is measurement of lines and inches in a work of supremest art? Color, and shape, and exquisite life, give the charm. The prettiest of English feet, white as milk, and veined with sapphire, is to the little dusky limb of an Eastern girl as an elaborate marble of Canova's to the small bronzegem I hold within my hand. That child's foot revealed to the acute beholder great facts in ethics, on which big books have been written, and big arguments expended. He saw there expressed the suppleness of her race, the grace and delicacy that shun exertion, the activity which, with hare-like speed, distances our tortoise-pace; and he saw, besides, the hurried, nervous circulation, and the fragility of structure. But, indeed, that little foot, resting still on my gunwale, was a bronze of the best period roused to life. The skin was smooth and polished as metal, and the tone, save where its natural color was subdued by a tinge of henna or turmeric, matched that of Corinthian brass. The ankle was worthy of the foot. Such graceful lines, "attaches" so prettily rounded, I never hope to see again in living flesh; instep, arched as an Arab's, lean and smooth like his; toes, not crushed

together, nor curled up, nor pressed out of all roundness by the habit of boots; neither spread abroad like a negro's, but each standing slightly apart, lithe, tremulous, dimpled, as an infant's, at each joint. The nails were carefully polished, and regular as those of a hand; a stain of henna gave to them the very tones of agate. Ah, such an exquisite foot!

She stepped on board, laughing merrily, and sat behind her father. The old folks talked of their barbarous politics—how the neighboring tribes were threatening to renounce their allegiance to a chief now aged. Insidious propositions were made me to abide a while, for no visible object, at their village; but not even the charms of that lovely girl who sat, all silent and submissive, by the gunwale, could tempt me to permit my name and color to be used as a political influence among these astute yet simple savages. Whether the daughter had been brought aboard with hopes of swaying me, I do not know; but I am inclined to think not. She was the only child at home, and the pet of this venerable chief. Besides, I doubt much whether even her parents knew or guessed what a treasure of beauty they possessed in her. That loveliness was not quite of the style most admired by these good folks. The points I have described to you are common to many, to almost all, of their women, except the features. Doubtless, had I asked the critical opinion of any dusky Don Juan round about touching the merits of this girl, he would have answered, with that superb air we see daily at the *cercle*: "Not bad. Her mouth is too small, and never stained red with betel. Her teeth are white, which is a terrible blot, and reflects the gravest discredit on her parents. Her hair is long, and her feet are small; but Tragi's daughter has longer tresses and tinier hands, while her teeth are black as burnt cocoa-nut can make them, and no man ever yet saw her without a crimson stain like blood upon her chin; *mais pour ce qui s'appelle une dot, mon cher!—ah!*"

She did not speak ten words all night, but sat under the shadows of the kajongs, and shyly watched me; smiling, from time to time, with such girlish grace as made my very heart stir. Now and then she laughed at some unintelligible witticism of her brave old father; a sweet, happy laugh, that did one's ears good to hear. In fact, I fell in love that night; and I know that, if we had not met again, I should have returned to civilized life a victim henceforth to Byronic melancholy; feeling a desperate conviction that the only being I could ever love dwelt some fifteen thousand miles off as the crow flies, in a palm-thatched house beside an unknown river.

But I met her again. My business on this river of her father's took me almost to its head-waters; and, in a month's time, I began to drop down-stream again. Will you bear with me, reader, while I vent my soul in telling the delights of a canoe-voyage through the watery highways of a tropic forest? Heaven grant that, before many months, I may again be floating on their deep bosom! Ah, why can I not paint these scenes as vividly as they press upon my memory? I cannot, for often have I tried, and never with success. I would tell of the start at early dawn, while yet the night-mists are curling on the water—while

yet the monkeys call musically to each other in the forest-trees. I would describe the eager bustle of my boatmen getting ready for the day's labor. I would tell how, with a wild cheer, they dip their paddles in the chilly stream, and make the tiny craft to fly from its halting-place of overnight. Ay, and I would have my companion sit by me in fancy, underneath the matted awning, which obstructs the glare of early day, rifle across his knees, and glass laid ready to his hand. For they have keen eyes, these boatmen of mine; and, long ere your dull sight discovers the creature they point out with such mute eagerness, it will have flitted through the trees and disappeared, leaving naught but a doubtful trail. Game is thick in these woods to him who has quick eyes and steady hand; but not one hoof or paw will he see who takes to the brilliant East the listless motions of Pall Mall. Hist! What does he whisper with such still excitement, that brown *serang* squatted on the bows? Steady, behind! The eager paddlers cease their clanking stroke, hush the broad breast and extemporized song. They dip their paddles with such skill, that velvet sinking into oil would make a splash as loud. Without a sound we glide above the water, steadily, as with a wish, onward. The *serang's* outstretched hand guides our eyes to a black-shadowed reach, where the water sleeps and rots, overgrown with fleshy leaves and pallid, unwholesome flowers, taking no color from the sun. What is there? Too well we know our trusty boatswain to fear false alarms from him. We strain our eyes; and, at length, beneath the deepest shade, just where that dark-leaved shrub drops its pendulous boughs into the stream—beside the fallen trunk, all clothed in ferns, and orchids, and many-colored fungi, that lies rotting in the eddy—we think to trace a shadowy outline as of some monster crouched along the ground. Gently, silently, we drop down. The quick-sighted monkeys have fled this spot, and, far in the distance, we can hear their clashing progress through the tree-tops. The very birds are still. Gradually, gradually, a fulvous coat defines itself against the oily-green leaves. There is on all Nature a hush that may be felt. Round and eager eyes, widely distended now, half in fear and half in threat, gleam iridescent in the dusky nook. We can see the flash of teeth between lips drawn back—we can almost hear the "spitting," like an angry cat's, which welcomes us to this solitude. Now is the moment! Up rifle, both together! With a savage snarl he turns and shows all his spotted side. Now—now! And the panther—trots airily away with tail upraised, and contempt depicted on his features!

This is your exclamation, doubtless, but the cruel facts of memory should not be allowed to mingle with the bright picture of imagination. I have missed many easy shots in stern reality, but in my simplest dream I'd scorn to introduce a rifle not warranted to carry twenty miles, and true as death. But, if you will have it so, we'll leave the panther in his wood, and pursue our voyage.

The day grows on to noontide! Ashore, every living thing has sought the shade, and rests therein; but we, gliding ever downward with the stream, hug reedy banks, where

great trees overhang and shelter us, and so press on. Flowers are over us, and under, and around; unnamed weeds, but the more beautiful in our sight for the world's ignorance of them. Lilies, blue and red and white, of every shape and every size, sleep on the surface of "back-waters," and warm, stagnant pools beside the river. Of such calm spots now and then we catch a glimpse through arch of tufted reeds, or under green-fringed bridge of fallen tree. No man "hath come since the making of the world" to see the beauty here. For beauty there is, in these little solitary ponds, more exquisite than human skill can imitate. Ah! but there are other denizens than the sweet flowers and the pretty hyacinth, and the honest, loud-throated bull-frogs. Great snakes dwell here, and twine themselves among the lily-roots. Colorless monsters they are, with scales mouldy as if from long solitude; but now and again appears among these hideous dwellers a brilliant, jeweled, golden creature, from the swift stream near by. He dashes round the pond in high impatience and disdain, raising his shiny head, seeking the outlet with wicked eyes that gleam like fire. Sometimes the horrid creatures of the pool, the sickly-looking snakes, and enormous worms—yet more ghastly than the others in their foul softness—grow jealous of the gemmed intruder, and set on him with hooked teeth and whip-like tails and deadly poison. Then, to one who stands by, a terrible sight is given. Now on the surface, now in the still depths below, the merciless fight goes on. The hunted reptile darts hither and thither, plunges headforemost down among the lily-roots, springs into the air, twists through his foes with exquisite activity. They, the foul crowd, in chase! They swim against one another, they bite and strike in their vexation, or in payment of outstanding feuds. Though each enemy be three times his size, yet is this brilliant stranger, armed with a subtler venom, more than a match for any two of them; but numbers prevail, and, unless he find in time the grass-grown entrance to the pool, he commonly falls a victim to the outraged ugliness of the indwellers. Yet in general one might stay long beside these still and flower-grown waters without discovering a trace of the monsters they contain. Pretty sights are those most common on their banks. In the dawn and at eventide a hundred curious, graceful creatures come here to slake their thirst. Chattering monkeys slide down a creeper, and, thus suspended in mid-air, drink from their small, hollow hands, glancing ever round, above, below, with eyes of quick suspicion, pausing each instant, chattering uninterruptedly to reassure themselves. Birds of every size and hue flutter on the shallows, and drink gratefully. Big herons and huge white cranes stalk round and chase the little bull-frogs in their muddy nests. Squirrels—from the small beauty not bigger than a mouse to that vast fellow with the crimson stripe along his sides—hop about the banks, sucking the buds and roots of water-plants. Deer, too, sometimes visit this spot, when hunters or wild beasts have scared them away from their favorite stream. Butterflies hover over it; orchids trail their blossoms down almost to

its surface. There is more beauty than horror here. I was wrong to put those snakes first in the description.

And then afternoon comes on, and evening. The alligators slide down in their oily manner from the sand-banks as the declining sun begins to leave the river. And then, then, what wondrous effects of golden light succeed! How keen the blue shadows! How mysteriously dim each long vista of the trees! The sunshine seems almost to drip in liquid gold from twig to twig and leaf to leaf as it breaks through some tiny gap in the over-arching foliage. Redder that light grows, and redder; darker the shadows; the air more full of life. A scream breaks the forest stillness—of what tortured animal none can guess. Roused by that signal, birds of prey that fly by night wheel suddenly out from their retreats, and swing across the river. Night-hawks shoot into the air, turn over, and sweep down along the watery surface, noiseless as the moths they seek; save now and again a faint twitter shows their thanksgiving for a prey. Then, a little later, when the topmost boughs are blazing in red flames, and all below is dim and misty, the mosquitoes sally forth, the bull-frogs wake and sound the key-note of their night-long chorus. Fire-flies, by one and two, flit across the grass, vanishing and reappearing. Presently, as it grows darker, they come forth in swarms, and hover round some tree that has attractions for their kind. It is beautiful to watch the sudden flash of light from thousands of these little insects, illuming the darkness for an instant, going out, and throbbing forth again. Oh, I could dilate by the hour on the glory of the tropics! There only does one see the pride of life, and the true lust of the eyes. But my readers grow impatient.

It was perhaps a month after the visit to my canoe. I was descending the stream, and had reached a point some fifty miles above the dwelling of my savage beauty. The day was at its hottest, but for ten minutes we had been conscious of an unnatural noise, which swelled through the forest like the noise of men cheering, laughing, singing—in fact, like the roar of a multitude. We were prepared for any event, when the canoe, suddenly shooting round a point, came in view of a very large native house, crammed with people, all evidently drunk.

"This is a great feast, my lord," exclaimed my servant.

It may have been. Most certainly it was the noisiest gathering I ever assisted at.

"Keep to the other side of the river, and slip past, if possible," I ordered.

But to escape was hopeless. The men of the festive party were, indeed, far too drunk to feel sure of their vision at a distance; but a troop of girls stood by the river-side, laughing, comparing notes, overlooking their coiffure, and criticising their friends' costume, just as do civilized belles in like case, save that these simple children of the forest had no mirror but the limpid stream, nor any dress to speak of except flowers and beads. No hope of eluding those bright eyes! But, unless some well-known warrior were summoned to their aid from the house, I

had little fear the girls would dare to address a white man.

"Spin along!" I cried; and we flew past.

But the attempt proved vain. A slender, silvery voice called aloud across the water by the name these savages had given me. Discovered, I had to submit, and unwillingly gave the word to pull ashore. The girls scattered as we drew in, some running away in real or affected panic, some laughing hysterically at a distance. But the greater number rushed together, and stood in a compact body, holding each other tight.

"Who called me?" I asked, gaily, approaching the phalanx.

Direful confusion and dismay resulted. After somewhat of a struggle in the mid-recesses of the crowd, a slender girl was silently thrust out, while the others looked at me with speechless anguish. The victim thus abandoned held her hands before her face, and all her graceful frame, scarcely concealed by clothing, trembled, so that I could hear the rattling of her innumerable golden ornaments; but whether her emotion was of fear or mirth I could not tell. In either case the situation might well embarrass a shy man like me. Not knowing what to do with this slender child, and profoundly discomforted by a score of dilated eyes fixed on me from the one side, while on the other I could hear my boatmen laughing to themselves, I boldly seized her in my arms, and pulled apart her hands. It was the heroine of my fancy! She looked up at me with eyes bristling with terror—whether genuine, or assumed as a likely weapon by the little flirt, I had no idea. Do not think that the white race has a monopoly of arts; there are few tricks in social optics which Hindoos, Malays, and niggers, are not thoroughly alive to.

While considering what I should say or do, the damsel broke from me, and ran at topmost speed toward the house, screaming with laughter. At this example all the young girls dismissed their terrified expression, and loudly joined the outburst. I stood—it is not to be denied—in some confusion, feeling, indeed, cut to the heart, as much by the indecency of this action as by the proof it gave that no favorable impression had been made on my adored one's fancy. This perturbation of mind was not relieved by the frankness of my serang, who observed, with the calmness befitting an undeniable statement of facts, "The girls make a fool of your lordship!" I turned to regain my canoe and hurry from this scene, but a dozen potent chiefs, with their gold-fringed head-handkerchiefs all awry, their necklaces wrong side before, and their dress in an indescribable confusion, came to entreat my presence at the feast. To refuse was impossible. I followed them into the house.

All intelligent creatures drink, and most of them get drunk from time to time. High reason, true morality, the best medical opinions, and the experience of every man, in vain combine to discourage the practice. Daily are we told that the custom is extinct, never to come to life again in civilized communities. Daily we read such assertions, and no man dreams of contradicting them, because

every one knows the truth too well. People drank in all ages, to excess from time to time, and they will continue so to do till the millennium.

But, if any sight on this round earth could cause the British Parliament to pass Sir Wilfred Lawson's bill, and could persuade the English people to accept it—that sight was before me when I entered the house. Of this we will say no more, in charity to my savage but generous hosts.

You will have observed the young lady's shocking rudeness to me at the water-side. Nothing creates in my mind a more abrupt revulsion than hoydenish conduct. If the Venus de Medici in flesh laughed aloud, or maliciously, or in the wrong place, I should flee from her. I cite the Medicean Venus, because, looking critically at that young person, I could believe her to be not too well bred. Fancy Milo's goddess mistaking her "monde!"—It cost me a severe mental struggle to admit excuses for this very doubtful conduct of my Hebe. To laugh loud, to laugh loud and run away, to laugh loud and run away from me, showed excessively bad taste. But I was overcome in meeting her at the threshold. Such soft penitence was expressed in her swimming eyes! such graceful *mufinerie* about her mouth! as though to say, "Please forgive me; if you won't, I know how to avenge myself!" I longed to clasp her in my arms again, and vowed that she should not escape so easily next time. I walked up the long veranda of the house, escorted by her father and numerous chiefs, as distinguished, I was told, as they were drunk, I saw. They set me in the place of honor, where the reek was strongest and the sun most fearful. Half a dozen of the leading men held me upright with touching care, and I, so far as my limited supply of members went, reciprocated the service. There were two brawny fellows who supported me under the arms. Both of them I held up by hand. There was another valorous warrior who insisted that a prop was needed for my back, and nearly pushed me down, face foremost, in his endeavor to sustain himself. Putting my legs apart and leaning forward, I supported him also.

"How long is this to last?" I asked the serang, who was treated in much similar manner by warriors of less note.

"They're going to perform some tomfoolery," replied the Mussulman, sullenly, for their idolatrous rites entailed upon his orthodox conscience an infinite amount of supererogatory power.

Meanwhile my tawny belle had taken a place opposite to mine, and there stood watching me with great eyes.

I won't tell what the ceremony was. Drinking was its commencement, singing its mid-course, and getting drunk its logical conclusion. Among other absurdities, etiquette required that a large bowl of liquor should be placed on my head. I insisted that the vessel should be empty. The dispute grew respectfully hot; but it was at length terminated by the utter overthrow of bowl, liquid, and bearer, by a drunken chief in a red petticoat. The young lady had been much interested in this discussion, and did not hesitate

to pronounce in strong language her opinion of those engaged.

"What does she say?" I asked my serang, for she spoke in the familiarity of the country *patois*.

He gave a slang translation of her words. The language, though not actionable, was by no means what one likes to hear from a "young person." Nevertheless, when I found time to look at her, and marked the perfect and artistic repose in which she leaned against a pillar—her moulded arms raised above her head, and one exquisitely-shaped ankle crossed upon the other—I felt that almost any crime must be pardoned to such a creature. I stepped across, and, looking on her smooth and rounded shoulders, could not resist temptation. I put my arm round her neck—*en tout honneur, s'il vous plait!* Picture, if you can, my horrified surprise to find the pretty yellow color of her skin "come off" on my white sleeve!

"What the devil's this?" I asked of my serang.

"Turmeric, my lord!" he answered, promptly.

That was a great blow.

I overcame the emotion by an effort. With the tenderest expression I looked down into her eyes, which smiled shyly back to mine. I started. Those beautiful lids, so thickly fringed with silk, were unmistakably stained.

"What the devil's this?" I asked of my serang.

"Burnt cocoa-nut, my lord," he calmly answered.

Again I felt a shock!

It needed a certain moral courage longer to contend. Yet I kept my place. Suddenly the young girl broke from my arm, and pursued a stalwart slave, reeling down the house with a bundle of tobacco and a basket of maize-leaves. Him she overhauled, and from his load snatched a handful of either substance, wrapped the tobacco in a dry leaf with a swift motion, thrust one end of the cigarette thus made into a blazing hearth, and returned to me, leisurely puffing at her prize. This was the third blow!

Still, I held fast to my illusion, and entered into conversation with the houri. She muttered a few frightened words in answer to my remarks, and stood, with downcast eyes, the very image of innocence and propriety. On a sudden, a rush of warriors took place behind us, and one burly fellow, most notably excited with strong drink, clasped my companion round the waist, and dashed down the long veranda with her.

"Is that her brother, or her lover?" I asked of my serang.

"Probably neither, my lord!" he answered.

I looked on this profanation with eyes indignant, and disgust expressed in my features. She laughed, the houri! At the extreme end of the house, another partner, drunk as the first, seized hold of her, passed his braceleted arm round her delicate waist, and "rushed" her up the veranda once more. She paused beside me, breathless, her eyes dancing with glee! There was not the slightest trace of shame on her countenance! And

yet these ruffians, who had taken such a freedom on themselves, were as nearly drunk as a man can be to stand upright. I was utterly overwhelmed. I hastened from the house, leaped aboard my canoe, and vanished down-stream. I did not expect to see my dusky Hebe any more, nor, at the moment, did I greatly wish to do so.

But a month after I found myself once more in her neighborhood, having ascended the river again, aboard a native gun-boat. We had with us a fine, tall warrior, who gave himself out as son to the "brave chief" of whom I have spoken. On making inquiries, I found this fellow was half-brother to my dusky Hebe. Arrived at the nearest point to his father's house, I put myself in a canoe with him, and paddled up the stream; not wholly unconscious of a certain thrill at heart. We reached the spot, and landed. The old chief sallied out, with all his household, warriors, and slaves. It was somewhat touching to see that recognition of the long-lost heir, for the youth in our charge had been captured by pirates long since, and reduced to slavery. But I looked still for the fairy form, which, in spite of all, haunted my fancy. She came at length, bounding from the jungle: her long hair loosed, and streaming to the ground, her eyes afire with eagerness and excitement. She threw herself into her brother's stalwart arms, nestled to his bosom, and cried with girlish vehemence. And, when at length the first emotion had subsided, she drew back a little, still encircled by a loving clasp, to view the stately fellow we had restored to her, and then threw herself again upon his breast, and—
"Kissed him, of course!" you exclaim, my hearer.

Not at all! Deliberately and thoughtfully she smelt him all over! It was too much. Thus was I disenchanted with "lovely savages."

It will not be necessary to point out the more obvious moral; but there is one which was lately explained to me myself, the hero of the story. I had told it to a lady, much as I have told it you reader. When I had concluded, she remarked, with some emphasis—

"Let me give you a piece of advice, Mr. Peregrinus. In telling this tale again, give dates and localities frankly, for fear of misconstruction. And, further, I would recommend you not to cling overmuch to this life below, since, savage or civilized, the feminine nature shocks your taste. Perhaps among the real angels you may find a non-masculine creature, who powders not, nor brightens her eyes, nor talks slang, nor smokes, nor loves either waltzing or scent. With mere earthly women of this day your search would be hopeless!"

This was the moral a lady gave me.

THE BRADDOCK HOUSE.

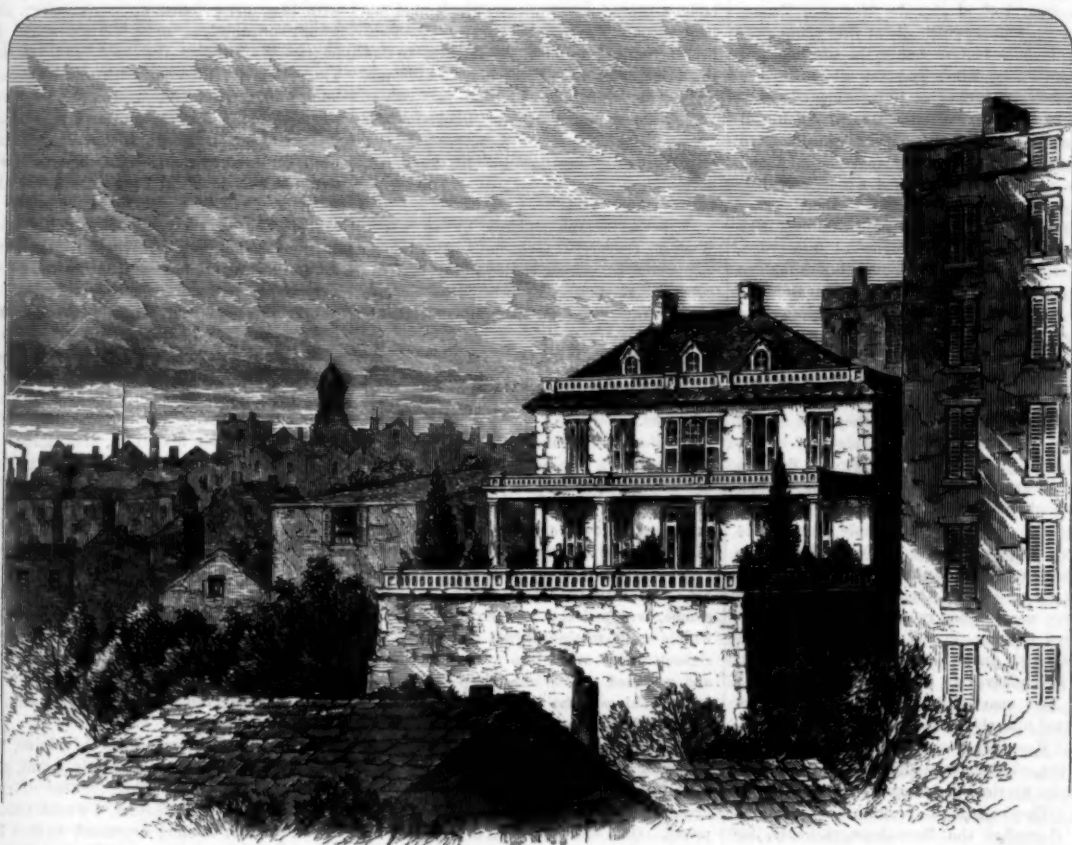
OUR history is reproached, sometimes, with being dull. Any discussion of that question would be inappropriate here; but certainly there are chapters in the annals of America which are full of romance, of fine

contrast, of tragedy, sufficient of themselves to relieve the chronicle from the charge of dullness, since they move the human heart with the master-passions of our nature—grief, pity, ardent sympathy, and that melancholy lying too deep for tears. What is called "Braddock's Defeat" is one of these chapters—a chapter probably as well known as any incident in American history. A brief account of an old mansion associated with this ill-fated leader, may interest the reader.

When the Braddock expedition was undertaken—in the spring of 1755—England and France were fiercely contending for dominion on this continent, and seemed not unequally

He had a sister, who, having gamed away all her little fortune at Bath, hanged herself with a truly English deliberation, leaving a note on the table with these lines: 'To die is landing on some silent shore,' etc. When Braddock was told of it, he only said: 'Poor Fanny! I always thought she would play until she would be forced to *tuck herself up!*' He once had a duel with Colonel Glumley, Lady Bath's brother, who had been his great friend. As they were going to engage, Glumley, who had good-humor and wit (Braddock had the latter), said: 'Braddock, you are a poor dog!—here, take my purse; if you kill me, you will be forced to run away, and then

nent colonies; and, one morning, there appeared at his headquarters a young gentleman of some reputation as a soldier—Colonel George Washington, of Mount Vernon. As Washington had already smelt gunpowder, and knew the wilderness, Braddock gave him a position on his staff, and informally consulted with him, but exhibited ill-concealed disdain when the young "buckskin" hinted that "regulars" would not accomplish much in the woods, when matched against Indians firing from behind the trees. The idea that *British regular troops* would not sweep such hornets from their path, struck Braddock evidently in the light of an exquisite ab-



THE BRADDOCK HOUSE, ALEXANDRIA, VA.

matched; for, if England held the seaboard with her colonies, France held the lakes, had strong fortresses all along the frontier, and had subsidized the Indians, making them her allies. The English ministry decided to strike at this chain of forts—on Lake Champlain, at Niagara, and on the upper Ohio; and General Edward Braddock, a soldier of high reputation, was sent, early in 1755, to Virginia, to take command of the column directed against Fort Duquesne, on the site of the present city of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Braddock was a testy, dogmatic, hard-swearing old martinet. Walpole says of him:

"He was a very Iroquois in disposition.

you will not have a shilling to support you!' Braddock refused the purse, insisted on the duel, was disarmed, and would not even ask for his life."

These trivial incidents will give some idea of the eccentric character of the soldier sent out to fight the French—a sarcastic, opinionated, irascible, grimly-humorous old "army-man," but generous and brave—a thoroughly-trained officer, too, with but one great fault—an undue confidence in regular troops and his own military judgment. This last unfortunate trait was very soon shown. He went from Williamsburg to Alexandria to consult with the governors of the more promi-

surdity; and, paying no attention to Washington's warnings, he hurried forward his preparations, set out for the frontier, passing through Frederick City, Maryland, and Winchester, Virginia, and entered Fort Cumberland, where his troops were to rendezvous, amid a thundering salute of thirteen cannon, the drums beating the "Grenadiers' March" as he flashed by in his chariot, his staff galloping beside it. So went upon his way the brave and unlucky Englishman who was not destined to return.

From this moment, the details of that singular expedition possess the greatest interest; but they are too well known to be

repeated here. General Braddock insisted upon advancing in full war-order, with long trains of wagons—but where were the wagons? Sir John St. Clair, his quartermaster, stormed and swore. He would seize horses and wagons; he would compel the provincials, by fire and sword, to cut roads; he would kill the cattle, burn the houses—the people might go to General Braddock, who “would give them ten bad words for one that he had given”—a statement which Braddock speedily justified. Luckily, Postmaster-General Benjamin Franklin appeared at this crisis, undertook to find wagons, sarcastically intimated that Fort Duquesne would certainly fall—if General Braddock ever got there—and succeeded in obtaining the transportation. Then, having sent out of his camp the Indian girls, who were breeding dissensions, Braddock began his march through the wilderness—his long line of troops, cannon, wagons, winding on through forests, across rivers, over mountains—watched from every signal-station on the heights by the Indian runners, who hurried to inform De Contrecoeur, commandant of the French force at Fort Duquesne, of their approach.

At last, on the night of the 8th of July, Braddock encamped on the Monongahela, a few miles from the fort, and prepared for an attack on the next day. He had long ceased to consult with Washington, or any other “provincial.” His temper had grown more and more irascible. He cursed the French, cursed the Indians, cursed the country, and the Virginia officers soon understood that, if they obtruded their unwelcome advice in reference to the best method of fighting Indians in the woods, he would curse them too. They were silent, therefore, and, like brave men, doubtless resolved to do their duty and share the perils of the expedition without remembrance.

The tragic sequel of the drama we need not describe. Braddock had acted like the brave man he was in the battle and defeat that ensued, and, seeing all things crumbling around him, seemed anxious to die. He rode into the hottest of the fire, a conspicuous figure in his splendid uniform—shouting orders, storming at the troops, waving his sword—exposing himself recklessly in every part of the field. Five horses had been killed under him. As one fell, he seized and mounted a fresh one. At last his fate came. A bullet traversed his right arm and buried itself in his lungs. He fell—was caught by Captain Stewart of the Virginia light-horse, and there was scarcely time to hurry him off the fatal field, when the English troops broke on all sides and retreated in wild disorder, pursued by the French and Indians.

The shattered army were now in full flight across the Monongahela; and then they hastened back through the wilderness, scarcely pausing before they reached Fort Cumberland. Tradition relates that Braddock was so painfully wounded that he could not be carried off even in a spring vehicle, and was swung at full length in a large silken sash which he had worn, the extremities of which were affixed to two horses moving abreast. This sash is said to be still in existence. He could be carried no farther than the Great

Meadows, where he died on the night of July 18th, Washington reading the funeral services over his body, which was there interred. Savages lurked around—all was done in silence. Not even a volley was fired in honor of the brave soldier who had come to this wilderness to find a grave.

Very few memorials remain of the soldier who commanded this unfortunate expedition—one of these few is the old house in Alexandria, of which an engraving is here presented. It was in this house that Braddock established his headquarters just before setting out; and here, surrounded by parade, bustle, brilliant uniforms, and general enthusiasm, he held a consultation with the Governors of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, and Massachusetts. The house was built about the year 1752—only three years after the laying out of the town—by John Carlisle, Esq., and is thus described by a writer who has evidently looked at it with close and admiring attention:

“It is built of cut stone, quite large, being about fifty feet square, the doors and windows ornamented with carved caps. A massive porch is built on the west front, and the east is occupied by a long veranda. A wide hall runs entirely through the house in each story, and opening into them are spacious rooms. These, as well as the hall on the first story, are wainscoted to the ceiling and ornamented with carved wood, after the style of the period in which the house was built.

“Formerly, fine grounds surrounded the house; on the east side a garden extended to the river, which, at that time, was about three hundred yards distant. This inlet has long been filled in, and its site is now occupied by streets and buildings. A broad walk, bordered on either side with trees and shrubs, extended from the house to the river. Being considerably above the grade of the surrounding streets, the garden was entirely cut away except a small portion near the house, which was walled in. The garden on the west front extended from the mansion to the street, and fronted directly on the public square, which at that time was occupied by the town jail and pillory. In the garden were a number of tall Lombardy poplars, and at each corner a lodge was built, which was used as servants’ quarters. These have all been removed, and their site is occupied by a large building. This prevents a front view of the mansion, except from the interior point of the hotel. The view given of the house is from near the river-bank on the west. During the late war it was used as the headquarters of the medical directors of the vast hospitals in the vicinity. It is now, and has been for a number of years, occupied as part of a large hotel known as the ‘Mansion House.’”

With the exception of this now venerable edifice—for in America a century and a quarter is a venerable antiquity—there remain few traces, as we have said, of Braddock’s brief sojourn on the Western Continent. Here and there in the Valley of the Shenandoah the traveller hears of “Braddock’s Road” or “Braddock’s Well”—the road over which he marched, or the well from which his men drank—but that is all. Even the spot in

which the irascible, generous, reckless, stormy old *militaire* was laid to rest, is forgotten, and unmarked by so much as a headstone.

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

PLEASANT ROOMS FOR GENTLEMEN.

I.

NOT long ago it became the ill-fortune of the writer to find himself to be, in consequence of the disruption of his landlord’s domicile, a houseless and a homeless man. He applied to the public, through the advertising columns of a widely-circulated newspaper, for an opportunity to shelter himself at a moderate price. He stipulated that his apartment must be lower down-town than Seventieth Street and farther up-town than Madison Square, and also that it must be contained in the region between Eighth Avenue on one side and Fourth Avenue on the other.

He waited until twenty-four hours had elapsed after his advertisement had appeared, before he applied, at the up-town agency of the newspaper in question, for answers that might possibly await him.

He was gratified to find some forty-and-odd letters of all sizes, shapes, and colors, addressed with his *nom de guerre*. He took them to his room in order to examine them in the calm and retirement which their importance demanded, and, after glancing at them in succession, he divided them into three classes, the Impossible, the Possible, and the Curious.

The first class consisted of temptations all the way from Harlem and Orange County, and of harsh mandates to “call between the hours of then and then;” and of soiled and rumpled missives, clearly written under all the disadvantages of uncleanness and disorder. The “possibilities” were, for the most part, neat, courteous, and, in some cases, elegant in their chirography and style. Two or three were so worded as to leave one with the impression that the writer was anxious for favor, and that, so long as *something* was to be accepted for accommodations, it did not matter how much was demanded as equivalent.

The “curious” consisted of some six or eight messages, remarkable either for what they hinted at, or for their own intrinsic qualities; and it was impossible to repress a desire to go a little further into the cases they represented.

The writer, therefore, resolved (unpardonably, perhaps) to call successively upon the eight places in question, and to see how near the facts regarding them tallied with the notions he had received from the various conditions of the letters.

His first journey was incited by a missive whose component parts seemed anomalous. It was inclosed in a common envelope, similar to those that are usually employed with circulars, and it was directed in a smooth, large, and clerically hand. The sheet of paper was of note-size, and was of a cheap kind, full of imperfections in the blue rulings and in the material itself.

The letter, it was clear, was written by a woman. The penmanship was small and beautiful, though somewhat angular. As a whole, the message was perfect, if not as a piece of coherent and eloquent composition, at least as an enticement to a curiosity-seeker. It ran thus:

"New York, August —, 187—.

"MR. ADVERTISER,

"DEAR SIR: Having seen your advertisement in this morning's *News*, I take the liberty to reply to it, thinking that I may perhaps induce you to become an inmate of our house. It is *almost*" (underlined) "within the limits you mention, and it is only a step from our door to the horse-cars, which pass up and down town every two or three minutes. The house is a four-story brown-stone front, and it has a southern exposure, which will be found very desirable in the winter. From the windows there is a very extensive prospect, and we have the pleasure of witnessing the most beautiful sunsets. The ground upon which the house is situated is quite elevated, and we always have a breeze. We are close to the Central Park, and it is quite delightful to stroll in it when you are tired of sitting still.

"You can have a room on the second or the third flat, and in the front or rear, just as you choose. You can have one in the fourth story if you decide that you like it better, and, if you think that one on the first floor would be more pleasant, we should be very happy to vacate one for you.

"We have hot and cold water in almost all of the large apartments. The front-door has a Yale lock, which makes it very secure, and the lower windows have *bars* across them. The sidewalk in front is very smooth, and there is a gas-lamp directly opposite the foot of the steps.

"Our family is small, for it consists only of my husband, our two children, and myself. I should be very careful that the children should not trouble or annoy you in any way.

"If there are any conveniences that you have been accustomed to, and that we do not seem to provide, we hope that you will mention them. We shall do our very best to make you comfortable. If you play chess, you will find my husband a worthy foe.

"We hope that you will call upon us at your earliest convenience, and that you will feel encouraged to take some or one of our apartments, at least on trial.

"Yours, with great respect."

Irrespective of all other things, the spirit and tone of this note would have attracted, I think, the special notice of any one. It seemed to me to betray a painful anxiety to present a view of affairs that would prove alluring. It was not unreasonable to decide that much depended upon the success of this allurements, and also that the writer had done her utmost to put the best foot forward.

Upon the lower part of the last page there was a stain, the greater part of which had been carefully erased. I could not help believing that one of the two children had played a part in causing the mischief. It was certain that the writer was refined, and that she was educated, and also that she was

poor. I was puzzled at the anachronism in the matter caused by so fine a thing as a "brown-stone front;" but it seemed that a greater part of the house must be empty, inasmuch as I was to be permitted to choose at will in it. Then what sort of a place could it be in, that afforded open prospect, perpetual breeze, and unlimited sky-view?

I made up my mind that the letter was the product of the united heads and hands of the two house-keepers; that their circumstances were pinched; and that a visit from me was eagerly looked for.

On the next day I set out to search for the spot, indicated by a postscript to the letter.

I was taken thither by a horse-car, and was set down in as wretched a spot as any combination of landscape, heat, and human unthrift, could produce.

It was in the very heart of a "squatter" region, and the miserable little rookeries perched high up on the rocks, or clinging closely upon the narrow ledges, or groveling in the small valleys, seemed just then to be particularly diminutive and irresponsible.

Before I had time to look fairly about me, a cloud of dust was whirled from the unpaved road-bed, and secreted all things. The air was scorching, and through the yellow curtain there came the metallic ring of hammers.

Presently all became clear again. A group of men in red and gray shirts were, with the help of a pair of huge mules, setting some blue-stone slabs for a sidewalk. Upon a small, rocky hill were more men making blast-holes with drills and sledges, and at a short distance was another gang prying huge fragments of rock down into the street. Seven or eight children with yellow hair and mud-bespattered bodies stood about in attitudes of expectation, while four or five ragged curs were barking and chasing each other in circles behind and over the piles of earth.

Behind was the park, with its rich green and smooth lawns, but in front and on either hand, as far as the eye could reach, was nothing but desolation and ugliness. All the men were rough and boisterous; all the women that were seen in the door-ways looked fierce and ragged; all the children were animals; and all the animals, the horses in harness, the geese in the mud, and the goats upon the rocks, looked many grades lower than all other animals of their kind.

I looked about for my four-storied, brown-stone-fronted house. At first I could not see it. I walked on, however, and, having passed a jagged pinnacle of rock, I beheld it before me, at the distance of an eighth of a mile.

It was standing rigid and alone. There was no other house of its kind to be seen anywhere; its blank, red side-walls arose from a rough underpinning, which was planted in a sort of morass.

I walked toward it. Its extreme loneliness grew upon me more and more as I approached, and I fancied that it must resemble some Egyptian tomb rising boldly from out the desert.

The sun was shining full upon its front. There was a little girl of four years seated upon the highest step, looking intently in

my direction. Suddenly she jumped to her feet, and ran shrieking gleefully into the house, closing the door violently behind her.

It was plain that she was a picket for the powers within.

In a moment more a shade in an upper window was cautiously drawn, and a face appeared for a few seconds in the aperture, and then it quickly disappeared.

I beheld the smooth sidewalk, the gas-lamp at the foot of the steps, and the *bars* on the windows.

I walked up the steps and pulled a silvered knob, which from its appearance must have been polished that morning. A loud clang resounded through the house as if through a cavern, and this was followed by an almost instantaneous rush of young feet toward the door.

I had hardly time to look off over the unhappy and heartless scene that spread out in front of the house, before the door was pulled open, and a spirited little voice cried: "Come in, please, and go right into the parlor, and mamma will come up in a moment. She didn't think you'd come so ear—"

At this instant some one cried quickly from below, "Susie! Susie!"

Susie straightway bolted off to the head of the stairs and looked intently down into the obscure depths, and listened, no doubt, to a reproof, for she came back much subdued, and shut me into the "parlor," as if I had been a malefactor, and retired speechless.

The parlor had no carpet. The walls were bare and white, the windows were curtainless, and the furniture was spare and of the most slender and unsubstantial kind. There were few or no ornaments, except a sketch of Chillon Castle, painted in sepia, upon a scrap of card-board, and this was placed exactly in the centre of the narrow, white mantel. It was a redeeming atom of refinement in a sea of commonplace, and something of the kind was observable all through the singular house.

In a moment I heard more steps coming along the hall-way, and also the fretting tones of an infant. After an instant's hesitation the door opened, and there entered one of the prettiest and one of the palest little women that it has ever been my chance to see. Her eyes were dark and bright; her forehead was broad and smooth; and her mouth was small and sensitive.

Upon her arm she carried a child, who, being frightened, hid its face in her neck, and pressed its diminutive hand against her cheek.

In the face of all this, I could do nothing else than declare plainly that I had no intention of taking apartments in her house, and that I had called merely to prevent her from hoping that I might.

Her disappointment was only too perceptible. She became grave for a moment, and kissed the child's hand two or three times rather hastily, and then, as if feeling that she could trust her voice, she said, with a sudden smile:

"But, if you saw what fine large rooms we have, perhaps you could send some of your friends to us."

"Certainly, I should be only too happy to do that," I replied, meanly.

I preceded her up the stairs, and looked into every apartment while she stood at the doors and indicated the advantages of each room as we came to it.

I never knew a stock of furniture to be more extensively "watered" than that was. A bureau was divided into two parts, and the lower portion did duty in one room as a clothes-press, and the mirror did duty in another as a pier-glass between two windows. A set of chairs was, in all cases, represented by one which invariably faced the door. The pictures, when there were any, were the lithographed advertisements of chocolate-manufacturers or steamboat-lines. In no case was there a carpet, and in one room only was there a full toilet-set, and that was of the cheapest ware. The bedsteads were of the slightest cottage-pattern, and were generally of a yellow color, with pictures of poppies and strawberries painted upon the head and foot boards.

Every thing was clean, and in the most rigid and mathematic order. Except as seen here and there in a chip-basket decorated with muslin, or in a bit of Swiss wood-carving, or in a well-kept gift-book, every thing was poor, mean, and contracted; and yet the atmosphere generated by these trifling proofs of better desires overcame the air of poverty, and filled one with a curious respect for the whole establishment.

I penetrated to the upper story for the purpose of looking out of the windows.

The little lady observed, apologetically, that they had not quite furnished that floor yet; but that was only too clear on sight.

The place was fearfully warm and blindingly light. A few blue-flies were booming about the sky-light; and I shall never forget the look of weariness that my *cicerone* had upon her face as she climbed the last few steps and stood panting in the stifling heat. Still, she smiled.

I pushed up a rattling sash, and looked at the prospect. To the south was a brown-purple cloud of smoke, with a few spires projecting into it, which stood for the city. To the west, in the distance, were the North River and the blue Palisades. To the east was the luxuriant park; but closer in, and for almost a mile around, was a poverty-stricken area, of which that portion that has been already described was a fair example.

In the distance was a net-work of half-made roads, over which men and teams were traveling to and fro. As far as one could discern were the wretched huts of gypsy-like *miserables*, thrown together in dense masses where the land would permit, or standing isolated upon tufts of earth or upon rocky cliffs. The picture was ragged, irregular, and unclean. The noises were of bleating goats, cackling geese, creaking derricks, crying children, swearing men, and the crash of rocks, and the ringing of sledges. Over all was a hot, whitish sky; and from the south there blew up a sirocco laden with a thousand impurities.

Upon my word, I could not put on a cheerful face; and I looked with, I fear, ill-concealed wonder at the courageous and sanguine

little body who, with somebody else, was fighting such a hard fight against such odds.

There was not a single lodger or boarder in the house; "but they no doubt would have plenty when the people returned from the country in the autumn." Her husband was a clerk at present; "but he hoped to be admitted to the firm in a few years." Their income was not large; "but just think of those who have none at all!" It would no doubt be lonely living here, "were it not for—for the babies."

Here she caught the small face that rested against her cheek, and crowded it into her narrow palm with her own, and so far a few seconds shut herself out of the world.

We descended the stairs, our footsteps echoing loudly through the bare passages, while our voices seemed to become harsh and discordantly mingled. Our little procession was a somewhat dismal one, and I felt guilty from the top of my head to my feet. It seemed as if I were leading the whole household to execution, for the too-evident discouragement of the mother had been subtly communicated to Susie, and she followed on behind, with one hand dragging on the wall, and with the little finger of the other caught in a curious way in her mouth.

I remember that, at the beginning of the second flight down, we talked of railroad mismanagement in the West, and that, at the beginning of the third, we were speaking of the recent death of an actress, and that, while standing in the hall near the front-door, our wretched chat darted about over a dozen topics that had no relation whatever to each other.

I could not but feel that the mother mistrusted me, and I know there were daggers in the baby's unflinching eyes. Its downy white head fell this way and that upon its shoulders, but its unfeeling gaze never once relaxed.

I was about to turn and to walk resolutely away when the bell-wire was pulled from without, and a gong somewhere in the basement gave out the same clang that I had made at my advent.

Susie darted upon the door like a whirlwind, and, pulling it open, let in a glare of sunlight that blinded us all for a moment. A man in a blue-check shirt and blue overalls, standing upon the steps, with a stump of a whip in his hand, demanded:

"D'ye want that mattress, mum?"

There was a cart, containing the article in question, backed up beside the lamp-post.

"No!" cried Susie, somewhat indignantly. "We said that, if—"

"Susie! Susie!"

Susie stopped, and looked around. Her mother's face was covered with blushes.

"Tell him to wait a moment," said she.

I slipped out, feeling that it was high time, and mumbled an adieu. The mistress of the house gave me a smile and a nod, but it was one of those salutations that seem dipped out of a deep well with great cost and labor. I took my departure with indifferent grace; and I could not resist the belief that I was bound, in strict honor, to go and live in the house, in spite of my prejudices against it.

As I last saw the brave little woman, she was standing near the inner door, tossing her baby, while her head was bent down pretty far—so far, indeed, that I thought she wished to hide her face for the moment. Susie and the cartman were both looking at her in silence.

After walking a hundred yards or more, I looked around, and saw the driver start up his horse and bear the mattress away; and at the same time the shade of one of the windows suddenly dropped back into its place. No doubt, some one had been watching, in order to discover if I had seen what I ought not; and I have ever since felt something of the guilt of the villain of Coventry.

COMPENSATION.

THEY were three sisters: all that summer

They paced the glimmering whiteness of the beach;
And God's great sea, spread out before them,
taught
its own peculiar lesson unto each.

And, as they mused, they spake—the youngest said:

"The green waves open pathways infinite;
Shall my feet wander on through shade and shine,
Fall in the gloom, or wanton in the light?

"Far out beyond the utmost belt of foam
Sleeps the veiled haven; but, alas! who knows
What breezes blow there, or what flowers bloom,
What breath of fennel, or what scent of rose?"

And then the second sister spake, and said:
"Far o'er this sea his silver sails are set;
The gray, blank leagues between us grow not less,
Nor shall the sea relent, nor death forget.

"But whether this wan ocean shall become
His tremulous pathway unto me who wait,
Or whether it shall wash his dead face out
Beyond the sunset—who can win from Fate!"

Then spake the eldest, Una: "Long ago
Beneath this weary sea my hopes went down;
I walk alone; alone, too, I shall bear
Whatever my Father sends of cross or crown.

"Yet, though not here, nor even after ward,
My life with wifely music e'er shall move
In Nature's harmony—I grieve not, I
Around whom flows the ocean of God's love."

And, as she spake, an angel touched their eyes.

And a great glory fell upon the three;
And there was sound of harpers with their harps;
And the night fled—and there was no more sea.

BARTON GREY.

MISCELLANY.

THE CACTUS.

(From the revised "AMERICAN CYCLOPEDIA," now in course of publication by D. Appleton & Co.)

CACTUS, a genus of plants, the type of the natural order *Cactaceae*, comprising numerous species, all of which are natives of America. The name was originally given by Theophrastus to a spiny plant of Sicily. The cactuses have fleshy and succulent, globular or columnar, often deeply-channelled and many-jointed stems, usually leafless, but armed with spines and bristles. The structure of many of the species is singular and grotesque, and their appearance is interesting



Cactus Melocactus.

by reason of the roughness of the stalks and the beauty of the flowers. Found chiefly in the hot, stony places of tropical America, their stems are filled with an abundant juice, which, being inclosed within a tough and impermeable skin, enables them to support a sluggish, vital action, without inconvenience, in a parched soil. They vary in stature from creeping stems to angular, ascending trunks, sometimes thirty feet in height. The flowers, varying from pure white to rich scarlet and purple, are much increased in size and brilliancy by cultivation in gardens and greenhouses. They thrive, however, only in the poorest soil. More than sixty species of cactuses have been described. The *Cactus melocactus*, the great melon-thistle, or Turk's cap, grows from the apertures of rocks in the driest and hottest parts of America; it ap-



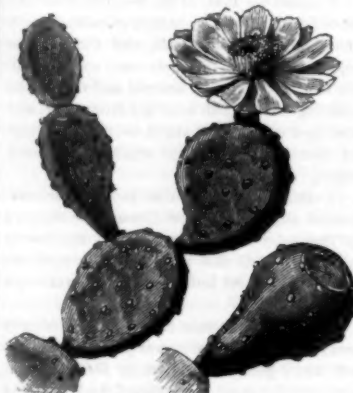
Cactus Grandiflorus.

pears like a green melon, with deep ribs, set all over with sharp thorns, and was likened by Linnæus to a hedgehog; it has on the top a small discoid, villous cap, from which the



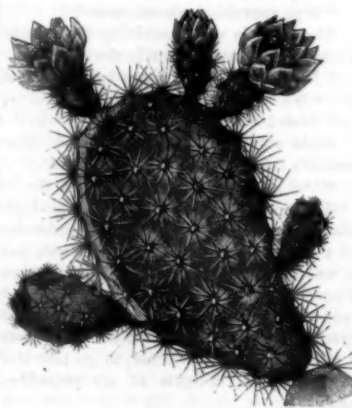
Cactus Flagelliformis.

flowers grow in a circle; it attains the height of four or five feet in the West Indies, and has been brought to more than half this size in England; in times of drought they are



Cactus Opuntia.

ripped up by the cattle, and their moist, internal part greedily devoured. The *Cactus grandiflorus* is remarkable for its large, beautiful, sweet-scented flowers, which begin to



Cactus Tuna.

open in the evening, and close again forever before morning; the calyx, nearly one foot in diameter, is of a splendid yellow, inclosing pure-white petals, and the flower, during the five or six hours of its continuance, is hardly surpassed in beauty; its structure is such that in cultivation it may be trained against a wall. The *Cactus flagelliformis* is a more delicate species than the preceding, with a greater number of smaller pink flowers, which keep open three or four days; its slender, trailing branches require support. The *Cactus Opuntia*, prickly pear, or Indian fig, derives its name from Opus, in Greece, where it



Cactus Cochiniifer.

was indigenous, although, like the others, a native of America; it also grows wild in Italy, and flourishes in the lava at the foot of Mount Etna; it is cultivated in England and America for its fruit. The *Cactus tuna* is used for hedging; three rows of it were planted as a boundary when the island of St. Christopher was divided between the English and the French. The *Cactus cochiniifer* is the chief nourishment of the cochineal insect; the delicate red juice of the fruit imparts a tinge to the urine. All the species of cactus are best cultivated in a sandy loam mixed with brick rubbish.

THE SATIRIST.

AN INCIDENT IN THE RULE OF MADAME DE POMPADOUR.

It was the time when Louis XV. was on the French throne; when the beautiful and clever Marquise de Pompadour gayly wound her toils around his sceptre; the time of pig-tails and patches, of the Bastille and of alchemy.

In a narrow street of Paris, as it was in days of yore, in one of those small private residences which, in those days, they were pleased to call a palace, and which was in a somewhat dilapidated condition, there sat in a cozy little boudoir a charming young girl. She was piquant rather than beautiful, graceful rather than symmetric—a genuine Parisienne, Mademoiselle Adrienne de Marneville.

She sat before her spinet and played one of Lully's sonatas, while at her feet, on a low, embroidered stool, there sat a young man, who, from time to time, wrote with a pencil on a sheet of paper, spread out on a portfolio he held on his knees. What he wrote seemed to please him amazingly, for at each period he laughed heartily. He was neither a handsome nor an elegant man, but his face bore the impress of talent, which, in his generation, could hold its head as high as rank or riches. It was the poet Desforges, to whom the capricious little lady at the spinet had given a very dangerous commission—a commission that might, indeed, easily send him

to the Bastille. She had demanded from him a satire on the all-powerful woman who had France at her feet, and whose influence was felt in all Europe.

"I have finished, Adrienne," suddenly cried Desforges, springing to his feet, and dancing about the room for a moment in high glee; then he struck an attitude, and began to read what he had written. Adrienne stopped playing, and listened with rapt attention to the silver-toned but venomous verses. "Excellent!—charming!" she cried from time to time, and, when he had finished reading, she clapped her hands with delight.

"Then you are satisfied?" asked Desforges.

"And so well, sir, that I proclaim you from to-day my champion and court-poet," replied Mademoiselle de Marneville, with mock pathos.

"May I ever prove worthy!" said the poet, pressing her fingers to his lips.

"And these verses are mine?" asked Adrienne.

"Yours; but first let me take a copy of them."

While he made a transcript of the little satire, Adrienne explained to him why she had such an intense hatred for Madame de Pompadour, and was overjoyed when Desforges promised to distribute copies of the virulent verses in the *cafés* and in the *bureaux d'esprit*.

He pressed her hand once more to his lips, and hurried away on his errand, while she turned again to her *sonata* as though nothing unusual had occurred—a genuine daughter of the rococo times was Adrienne de Marneville, fickle, careless, giddy.

Adrienne had just finished playing, as Madame de Marneville, still an attractive woman of the *beau monde*, entered the room, somewhat hastily.

"*Mon enfant*, I come with a most agreeable surprise."

"Ah, mamma, you have brought me the set of jewelry I asked you for the other day?" interrupted Adrienne.

"No, child, I have brought you nothing. What I bring you offers itself—a husband. The Marquis de Beauvoir is a suitor for your hand."

"Beauvoir—a handsome man!" replied Adrienne, blushing visibly.

"And very rich," added the mother.

"And you would have me marry him?" asked Adrienne, naively.

"Certainly! How can you ask? You know we are not rich. It would be insanity to refuse."

"But Desforges? You know he loves me."

"That's very comprehensible."

"And I love him, too," sighed Adrienne.

"That's very incomprehensible," returned Madame de Marneville, indignantly.

"And you really wish me to—"

"To become the Marquise de Beauvoir, my child—to ride in your coach and four, to shine at court, and be served like an Oriental queen, by Moors."

"That would be splendid—"

"Then I may tell the marquis that you consent?"

"His servants are Moors—I have seen them myself," murmured Adrienne.

"Then you consent?" asked the ambitious mother.

"Well, yes, mamma, but—but what will Desforges say, poor Desforges?"

The mother embraced her daughter, and, taking her hand, led her into the *salon*, where the Marquis de Beauvoir waited.

When poor Desforges, the following day, returned, in a paroxysm of delight at the success of his satire, he was received by Madame de Marneville with a frosty nod, by Adrienne with downcast eyes, and by the handsome

cavalier, who held Adrienne's hand tenderly in his own, with a cold, inquiring glance.

"We have some news to tell you, Monsieur Desforges," began the lady of the house; "Adrienne is betrothed to Monsieur le Marquis de Beauvoir."

"I—I congratulate you!" stammered Desforges. It was suddenly dark before his eyes. He bowed awkwardly, and staggered out of the room.

"The gentleman's manner was very strange," observed the marquis.

"Ha, Desforges never does any thing like other people—poets never do, I think," replied the mamma, laughing.

The next morning, when Mademoiselle de Marneville, accompanied by her old nurse, was returning from mass, she met Desforges, who had evidently been waiting for her.

"In what have I sinned, mademoiselle," he began, saluting her coldly, "that you, on the same day, make me first the happiest and then the most wretched of men? Oh, you are hardly less cruel and heartless than the Marquise de Pompadour, whom you so hate."

"I am not accountable to you for my actions," replied Adrienne, proudly.

"But you have told me that you loved me," returned the unhappy poet.

"I imagined, for a moment, that I did, I confess," said Adrienne, with a shrug. "You were then the only man I knew."

"And now?" cried he, in a firmer tone.

"Now I love the marquis, my *fiancé*," replied Adrienne, firmly, "and he is a very different sort of suitor from you, *mon pauvre Desforges*. Adieu!"

With this she turned and went her way, while he, bewildered with grief and indignation, stood as if transfixed to the spot, and looked after her till his tears obscured his vision. For a moment he was undecided what to do, but, as he turned to go his way, his eyes fell on the sign of a sword-cutter on the opposite side of the street. He immediately crossed over, and provided himself with a weapon.

"One or the other of us must die," said he; "either he, the rich marquis, or I, the poor poet!"

The mood he was in brooked no delay; that very evening, therefore, he waited for his rival in an arched door-way, opposite the Marneville residence. When the marquis appeared, wrapped in a white mantle, and turned to look up at the lighted windows of his betrothed, Desforges approached him.

"It is you, who would rob me of Mademoiselle de Marneville," he began, in a tone tremulous with rage. "I love her, and, if you lead her to the altar, you must cross my dead body. Defend yourself, sir!"

"Ha! are you mad?" laughed the marquis.

"Yes, madly in earnest. You must fight, sir," replied Desforges.

"Fight—with you? To do that I should be worse than mad, I should be a fool," returned the marquis.

"Miserable coward!" cried Desforges. "You are not worthy of being treated as an honorable adversary. Take that!"

And, with all the energy of frenzy, he seized his rival, wound his mantle round him so that he could not use his arms, and then beat him with the flat of his sword until the disturbance in the street brought Mademoiselle de Marneville to the window, where she could see her betrothed receive his chastising. Instead of applauding the courageous friend of her youth, she swore vengeance on him for thus maltreating the marquis, and called for assistance.

Tired at last of belaboring his rival, Desforges went his way, leaving the marquis to reënter the house of his mistress and repair damages.

It unfortunately chanced that, while the marquis sought consolation for the beating he had received in the caresses of his lady-love, Madame de Marneville threatened to use her influence with the Marquise de Pompadour to secure the arrest of Desforges.

"That could, doubtless, be easily compassed," said Beauvoir, "for the marquise happens, at this moment, to be exasperated against some anonymous poet on account of a satire, of which she is the subject, and that has been in circulation for the last day or two."

"How?" asked the two ladies in a breath.

"Richelieu, the gallant duke, who delights in nothing more than in badgering the marquise, sent her a copy. In her exasperation, she threatens the author with her direst vengeance, if she can discover him, which she is making every effort to do."

"Then he has not yet been discovered?" asked Adrienne.

"Not yet."

"And would he be severely punished?"

"Nothing could save him from the Bastille."

Adrienne arose and demanded her mantle. "Where are you going, my child?"

"To the Marquise de Pompadour!"

"To the marquise!" echoed the astonished Beauvoir.

"Not now, child, at this late hour," remonstrated the mother.

"Now—this night—before I sleep!" cried the revengeful Adrienne.

The Marquise de Pompadour, in consequence of the annoyance Desforges's satire had caused her, was ailing, and consequently had retired earlier than usual.

When Mademoiselle de Marneville was shown into her apartment, the mistress of France, shorn of all pomp, fatigued and pale, but hardly less beautiful and fascinating in her pallor, raised herself up on her silken cushions, and fixed those wonderful eyes on her visitor that had softened many a determined diplomat.

"It must be a matter of real importance, mademoiselle, that will excuse your waking me, for I am not at all well to-night," said the marquise, in a kindly tone.

"My mission will result, I trust, Madame la Marquise, in removing the cause of your indisposition."

"And that is—?"

"The satire which—"

"Not a word about that, I beg of you; I would I could not think of it again! Still, I cannot deny that it is clever."

"But, madame, would you not be glad to discover its author?"

"Glad? I know not what I would not give to find him out!"

"That you can do through me. I ask only that you keep the name of your informant a secret."

"Well, I promise."

"And that his punishment be severe," added Adrienne.

"Oh, you can safely leave that to me. His punishment shall be such as to wean him from any desire to ever write another line of verse, my word for that."

"Here, then, is the manuscript."

The marquise ran her eyes hastily over it.

"But the name of the author?" she asked.

"Desforges."

"Is this his handwriting?"

"It is."

"And how shall I reward you, my child?" asked the marquise, overjoyed.

"I will first see, in the severity with which you punish Desforges, how great a recompense you think my service merits."

"Ha! if you wait till then, I fear there is nothing you will not have the courage to ask," replied the marquise, laughing.

Before morning Desforges was securely lodged in the Bastille.

For several days Madame de Pompadour occupied herself in devising some mode of punishment for the satirist that should be as original as it was severe. Finally she solved the interesting problem, and took the necessary steps to put her plan into immediate execution.

Desforges, in the mean time, was not only in prison, but in the worst of all possible moods. He had a presentiment that the most unrelenting of Nemeses, in the persons of two women, as beautiful as they were heartless, were planning his destruction.

Finally the day came on which he was to learn his fate. He was led into a large hall, in which, behind a long table with a green cover, there sat three judges, in long robes, and a little, one-eyed secretary. Behind the court stood a large folding-screen, while half a dozen guards surrounded the prisoner. The proceedings of the court were remarkable only for their brevity. A copy of the satire was shown Desforges, and he was asked if he had seen it before. He said he had. He was then asked if he was its author, and, as he denied it, his manuscript was shown him.

He saw that he was lost, that further denial was useless; he therefore confessed that he wrote the objectionable verses, and asked the clemency of the court.

The judges conferred but a few moments; the sentence was that he should first be exposed in the pillory, and then imprisoned for life.

The severity of the sentence for a moment completely unmanned him, and, before he could regain his self-possession, a lady, slight in figure, and elegantly attired in light silk, stepped from behind the screen, and fixed her eyes triumphantly upon him.

"Expect no mercy from the king," said she. "The court has sentenced you, and his majesty has left the manner in which your punishment shall be inflicted entirely to me. Do you understand me, Sir Satirist?—entirely to me."

"Good Heavens, you are!—" stammered Desforges.

"The Marquise de Pompadour!" interrupted the lady; "the same Pompadour whom you have exercised your wit in slandering, and who will now exercise hers in devising some mode of punishment worthy of so gifted a criminal."

Desforges stood like a statue, his eyes fixed on space, and seeming unconscious of what was going on around him.

In obedience to a gesture of the marquise, the screen was removed, discovering a cage made of strong rods of iron.

"I propose to preserve this rare specimen of a poet," continued the marquise, "here, in this cage; his wonderful imagination will enable him, I doubt not, to enlarge this narrow prison to the dimensions of a Bastille. It is small, you see, very small; its dimensions are such that a man in it can neither stand up, sit, nor lie down; but a poet is not a human being of the every-day sort, and therefore I would not see him imprisoned after the manner of your vulgar, every-day felons."

Another gesture of the marquise's fair hand intimated that her victim should be placed in the cage. She was instantly obeyed, the door being securely locked, she herself taking the key.

"There, my youthful Juvenal," she continued, looking at him through her lorgnon, "now you shall be shown to the *canaillie* of Paris, that they may amuse themselves with you as they do with the monkeys in the menagerie at Versailles."

With this the beautiful executioner left her victim to the frightful doom she had so ingeniously prepared for him. Desforges the

while spoke not a word; he felt that he was at the mercy of a heartless woman, whom no prayers of his could move.

It was not accidental that the Marquis de Beauvoir and Mademoiselle de Marneville were married in the church of Notre-Dame on the same day the unfortunate satirist was conveyed to the pillory; in his cage, to be pelted with rotten apples, and bespattered with mud, by the dregs of the people. Beauvoir had arranged it so.

Years had passed. Desforges had long since been forgotten, even by the two marquises, who were virtually worse than his murderers—for was not his fate worse than death?—when, one day, a rusty key was found in the drawer of the marquise's dressing-bureau, which no one recollected to have ever seen before. It was tried in all the locks it was at all likely to fit, and found to belong to none of them.

"Oh, I have it!" cried the marquise, suddenly. "I'll wager it's the key to the cage I had that poor devil of a satirist put into some years ago. What was his name?"

"Desforges," replied one of her women.

"True, Desforges," repeated the marquise. "I wonder if he is still alive? Well, I am in a gracious mood to-day; if he still lives, he is pardoned. Let some one go immediately to the Bastille, and give him his liberty, on one condition, however—that he leave France within ten days."

A Switzer hastened to the Bastille to execute the orders of his mistress.

When Desforges was told that he could leave his narrow prison, he stared vacantly for some moments at his liberator, and then began to weep and laugh alternately like a child.

"I cannot, monseigneur," he stammered; "my limbs have become so stiff that I cannot."

It was with not a little difficulty they were able to get him out of his cage, and some days elapsed before he could make sufficient use of his legs to leave the Bastille, even with the aid of crutches.

It was mid-day. Paris shone brightly in the spring-time sun, when a bent, rag-clad figure tottered across the Place Louis XV., looking to the right and left at the houses, show-windows, and passers-by, with all the curiosity of a peasant.

Suddenly a runner crossed the square, crying: "Room! room! for the Marquis de Beauvoir!"

"Beauvoir!" murmured the man in rags, "Beauvoir, where have I heard that name? Who is this Beauvoir?" he asked of a passing burgher.

"Our minister to Spain," was the reply.

"So, so!" muttered the man in rags. And now there passed a carriage in which sat, beside a distinguished-looking man, a beautiful woman, with all the coquettish airs, and in the elegant costume, of the rococo period, chatting gayly with an officer, who rode beside the carriage.

"Adrienne!" cried the man in rags, when he saw the lady, and made a sudden movement toward the carriage. She glanced toward the strange figure, the aged beggar, as she supposed, and resumed her conversation with the officer, as she rolled rapidly across the square.

"Adrienne!" repeated the unfortunate poet, "Adrienne!" but she was already out of sight. He staggered into a narrow street, sat down on the curbstone, and wept like a child. And there he sat, long after the stars came out; then, suddenly rising to his feet, he extended his hands toward heaven, and uttered a terrible curse:

"Accursed be all women to whom rank is more than worth! Accursed, these tyrants, who tread us under foot! Accursed be they, ay, ten times accursed!"

The curse of the poor satirist was destined to prove prophetic.

With her last gasp, Madame de Pompadour uttered the ominous words, "After me the flood!" and the flood came in the shape of a deluge of blood—the Revolution of 1789.

Forty years after Desforges was exposed to the jeers of the *canaillie* in his cage, he saw, on the same spot, under the guillotine, the heads of the Marquis and Marquise de Beauvoir.—Translated from the German for the JOURNAL.

THE NEGRO AS A LEGISLATOR.*

One of the things that first strike a casual observer in this negro assembly is the fluency of debate, if the endless chatter that goes on there can be dignified with this term. The leading topics of discussion are all well understood by the members, as they are of a practical character, and appeal directly to the personal interests of every legislator, as well as to those of his constituents. When an appropriation bill is up to raise money to catch and punish the Ku-klux, they know exactly what it means. They feel it in their bones. So, too, with educational measures. The free school comes right home to them; then the business of arming and drilling the black militia. They are eager on this point. Sambo can talk on these topics and those of a kindred character, and their endless ramifications, day in and day out. There is no end to his gush and babble. The intellectual level is that of a bevy of fresh converts at a negro camp-meeting. Of course this kind of talk can be extended indefinitely. It is the doggerel of debate, and not beyond the reach of the lowest parts. Then the negro is imitative in the extreme. He can copy like a parrot or a monkey, and he is always ready for a trial of his skill. He believes he can do any thing, and never loses a chance to try, and is just as ready to be laughed at for his failure as applauded for his success. He is more vivacious than the white, and, being more volatile and good-natured, he is correspondingly more irrepressible. His misuse of language in his imitations is at times ludicrous beyond measure. He notoriously loves a joke or an anecdote, and will burst into a broad guffaw on the smallest provocation. He breaks out into an incoherent harangue on the floor just as easily, and being without practice, discipline, or experience, and wholly oblivious of Lindley Murray, or any other restraint on composition, he will go on repeating himself, dancing as it were to the music of his own voice, forever. He will speak half a dozen times on one question, and every time say the same things without knowing it. He answers completely to the description of a stupid speaker in Parliament, given by Lord Derby on one occasion. It was said of him that he did not know what he was going to say when he got up; he did not know what he was saying while he was speaking, and he did not know what he had said when he sat down.

But the old stagers admit that the colored brethren have a wonderful aptness at legislative proceedings. They are "quick as lightning" at detecting points of order, and they certainly make incessant and extraordinary use of their knowledge. No one is allowed to talk five minutes without interruption, and one interruption is the signal for another and another, until the original speaker is smothered under an avalanche of them. Forty questions of privilege will be raised in a day. At times, nothing goes on but alternating questions of order and of privilege. The inefficient colored friend who sits in the Speaker's chair cannot suppress this extraor-

* From "The Prostrate State: South Carolina under Negro Government." By James S. Pike. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

dinary element of the debate. Some of the blackest members exhibit a pertinacity of intrusion in raising these points of order and questions of privilege that few white men can equal. Their struggles to get the floor, their bellowsings and physical contortions, baffle description. The Speaker's hammer plays a perpetual tattoo all to no purpose. The talking and the interruptions from all quarters go on with the utmost license. Every one esteems himself as good as his neighbor, and puts in his oar, apparently as often for love of riot and confusion as for any thing else. It is easy to imagine what are his ideas of propriety and dignity among a crowd of his own color, and these are illustrated without reserve. The Speaker orders a member whom he has discovered to be particularly unruly to take his seat. The member obeys, and, with the same motion that he sits down, throws his feet on to his desk, hiding himself from the Speaker by the soles of his boots. In an instant he appears again on the floor. After a few experiences of this sort, the Speaker threatens, in a laugh, to call "the gemman" to order. This is considered a capital joke, and a guffaw follows. The laugh goes round, and then the peanuts are cracked and munched faster than ever; one hand being employed in fortifying the inner man with this nutriment of universal use, while the other enforces the views of the orator. This laughing propensity of the sable crowd is a great cause of disorder. They laugh as hens cackle—one begins and all follow.

But, underneath all this shocking burlesque upon legislative proceedings, we must not forget that there is something very real to this uncouth and untutored multitude. It is not all sham, nor all burlesque. They have a genuine interest and a genuine earnestness in the business of the assembly which we are bound to recognize and respect, unless we would be accounted shallow critics. They have an earnest purpose, born of a conviction that their position and condition are not fully assured, which lends a sort of dignity to their proceedings. The barbarous, animated jargon in which they so often indulge is on occasion seen to be so transparently sincere and weighty in their own minds that sympathy supplants disgust. The whole thing is a wonderful novelty to them as well as to observers. Seven years ago these men were raising corn and cotton under the whip of the overseer. To-day they are raising points of order and questions of privilege. They find they can raise one as well as the other. They prefer the latter. It is easier, and better paid. Then, it is the evidence of an accomplished result. It means escape and defense from old oppressors. It means liberty. It means the destruction of prison-walls only too real to them. It is the sunshine of their lives. It is their day of jubilee. It is their long-promised vision of the Lord God Almighty.

A large, well-built, showy kind of white man, with a good voice and fluent speech, was addressing the House yesterday. Standing beside me on the floor, near the Speaker's chair, was a snug-built, round-headed young black man, of perhaps one-quarter white blood. He had full eyes, thick lips, and woolly hair, and was brusque and lively. I asked who was the speaker. "Oh," replied he, with a toss of the head and a scornful air, "that is a chuckle-head from —." He has got about as much brains as you can hold in your hand." My pride of race was incontinent. Here was a new view. It was no longer the white man deriding the incapacity of the negro. The tables were emphatically turned. It was Sambo proclaiming the white man's inferiority. Here, then, is something suggestive. "Soho! my friend," I

said, "you know these people, then; give us your judgment of them."

He replied: "We have all sorts here, good, bad, and indifferent." "Parsons among them?" "No, only a few. Not so many as formerly. When I was on the stump at the last election, I advised the people not to send the parsons. They gave us a great deal of trouble. They had been the most corrupt rascals we had in the Legislature. Now they are less plenty. We are improving. But see that darkey now talking. Isn't it ridiculous that people should send such representatives. They don't know any thing, and haven't even decent manners. There is another big fool sitting there. Look at him. Why don't they keep such chaps at home? They are a disgrace to the colored people." It was my snug-built, thick-lipped, woolly-headed, small-brained black friend, you see, who was making these fruitful comments. The scene grew interesting. "How about this Senator Patterson business?" "Well, we sha'n't know any thing certain about it till it is investigated. A member was boasting the other day at a public table, before twenty fellow-boarders and members, of his intentions. He said that, where there was money going, a member was a fool who did not get his share. For his part, he intended to make all he could. He was here for that purpose. A while after Patterson's election, this man was flush of money. He deposited two hundred and fifty dollars in bank, and displayed one hundred and fifty dollars more, which he said he must reserve for current expenses. Where he got his money nobody knows. All we know is this, that he had none when he came here." Then our colored friend added, with great *naïveté*, "Everybody is aware that the senatorial election is the only money measure that has been before the Legislature at this session."

"Who is this Whittemore, just elected by the Legislature as one of the trustees of the State Agricultural College?" "Oh, he is that white member of Congress who was turned out for selling his cadetship. He may do well enough for a place like that, but I should not vote for him if I had a seat here. I am a young man, just entered on a political career, and have a record to make, and I don't want to be mixed up with such fellows as Whittemore."

Here, again, we have virtuous Sambo on the corrupt white man. This is even more edifying. Whittemore is a white parson. Our friend is a black layman. We cordially sympathize in his youthful, praiseworthy resolutions. Who knows he will not hold to them steadfastly to the end? Let us hope. There is need he should. He bears one of the most honored names in South Carolina, and there is a good sprinkling of white blood in his veins. May he live long, and illustrate the virtues of both races!

He continued: "You have heard of Beverly Nash? There he sits. A full-blooded black man, six feet high. He is a good-looking man, with pleasing manners. He was formerly a slave of W. C. Preston, and afterward a bootblack at one of our hotels. He is now a substantial citizen, and a prominent leader in the Senate and in the State. He handles them all. The lawyers and the white chivalry, as they call themselves, have learned to let him alone. They know more of law and some other things than he does; but he studies them all up, and then comes down on them with a good story or an anecdote, and you better believe he carries the audience right along with him. All the laugh and all the ridicule is on his side. And when he undertakes a thing, he generally puts it through, I tell you. No, sir, there is now nobody who cares to attack Beverly Nash. They let him alone right smart."

"They were mostly slaves, these people

in the Legislature?" "Yes, nearly all, including the Speaker of the House; not more than five or six were freeborn." "And you?" "No, sir, I never was a slave. I was raised in Charleston. My parents were free, and my grandparents before them."

"You have United States troops in Columbia." "Yes, but we don't need them. The Ku-klux did not bother anybody down here. We can take care of ourselves. Things are in rather a bad fix in the State, financially, but they will all come out right in the end. This town has suffered greatly, but it is fast recovering. Sherman's troops burnt the city. There is no doubt about that. I myself lost a house, and I ought to be paid for it; for if ever the sun shone on a loyal man I am one. It cost six or seven hundred dollars, and could not be rebuilt for twice the money. I am sure I ought to be paid." It was evident our bright belligerent black friend was not only bent on a political "career," but also had a thrifty eye to the main chance. But why not? Who shall reproach him for that? "There were many black mercenaries in the Legislature. Nobody could dispute that. But the same thing existed elsewhere, didn't it, where things were whiter?" I declined to contest that view of the case.

AN EVENING WITH GORTSCHAKOFF.

The reign of the present czar, writes a St. Petersburg correspondent of the *Baltic Gazette*, has worked many wonders, among the most noteworthy of which is the ease with which, at present, access may be gained to the most eminent dignitaries of the empire. Under the Emperor Nicholas I. it was almost impossible for newspaper men to see even departmental under-secretaries, and the doors of the ministers were inexorably closed against them. Now, a few lines to one of their excellencies, asking for an interview, will almost invariably elicit a prompt and favorable response.

Such was my experience, a few days ago, when I wanted to solicit a slight favor from Russia's greatest public man, her chancellor, Prince Gortschakoff. His secretary told me that the prince was not in St. Petersburg, but at his villa, Zernekey, on the banks of the Neva, ten miles from the capital. I manifested my disappointment, and the amiable secretary advised me to drive out to Zernekey, and ask for an interview with the prince. "But will he receive me?" I inquired. "Most undoubtedly," replied the secretary. "Wait, I will give you a line to the chancellor that will procure you access."

I reached the villa in the afternoon. It was a beautiful autumnal day, such as occur very rarely in that part of Russia. The Gortschakoff villa is situated on a gentle slope, overlooking the limpid waters of the Neva, with the immense sea of the houses and churches of the capital distinctly in view. The grounds in front of the building are splendidly laid out. The walks are strewn with white pebbles, and gigantic aloes and cactuses, surrounded by very large and picturesquely-arranged shells, surprise the visitor both by their extraordinary numbers and by the skill with which the gardener has grouped them. The villa itself is built in the Swiss style, two stories in height, and most picturesquely decorated. Two immense bronze lions flank the steps leading up to the portico.

There were no servants visible, and so I rang the bell. A very handsome, portly lady, of about thirty-five, opened the door. "She would see," she said, "if her uncle the prince would receive me." I was asked to wait a few moments in a neatly-furnished anteroom. It was filled with superb paintings and statuary; for the chancellor is a great and discriminating lover of the fine arts. A few

moments afterward I heard a heavy, quick step in the hall-way, and Prince Gortschakoff himself entered the room. His is truly a majestic form. Although wellnigh eighty years old, age has not bent his tall figure, and his blue eyes are as piercing and lustrous as ever. He was dressed in an old-fashioned suit of heavy brown cloth, and wore in his shirt-bosom a small diamond pin, which his mother gave him on her death-bed, and which he looks upon as a sort of talisman.

He opened the folding-doors of the adjoining apartment, and invited me to enter. There was a small divan near the window, and there I seated myself while the chancellor slowly paced the room.

At first I addressed him in French; but he said good-naturedly that he could speak German, which he does indeed most fluently, and without the slightest accent. The favor which I had come to ask was at once and gracefully granted. I rose to leave, but the prince kindly asked me to remain for supper. He then inquired about my recent travels. When I told him I had been in England a few months ago, his interest in what I said was greatly excited. "It is long since I have been there," he said. "I wanted to make a trip to London and Edinburgh last year, but was unable to do so. All my old acquaintances there," he added sadly, "are gone. Only Earl Russell is alive yet, and they say that age has greatly affected him. I knew him fifty years ago, when he was a very ambitious and fiery young man." And then the chancellor told me laughingly how he had come near fighting a duel with Lord John Russell, when he was a young *attaché* of the Russian legation in London. "I am glad now that I did not," he added, laughingly; "for my eyesight always was weak, and Lord John was said to be an excellent marksman."

I asked the prince why he had not gone to the Vienna Exposition. "Oh, no," he answered, "these exhibitions are very splendid and grand; but I never liked to spend much time in them. The vast display wearies me exceedingly. I regret that I was in Paris in 1867. That exposition there made me ill for months."

This turned the conversation toward French affairs. I told him that I had been in Paris last spring, and he asked me how I had been treated there. "Very well," I replied. "I could not see any thing like hostility to me on account of my German nationality." "Oh, no," said the chancellor, "I always knew that that was 'stuff.' The Parisians are very fickle in every thing except their love of money. Pay them well, and I will wager they would be on their knees before you, even if you were their worst enemy."

The prince then spoke about Germany, and expressed himself very emphatically in favor of the attempts of the government to curb the recalcitrant bishops. "They have been truckled to too long," he said, "to our great regret. But for the arrogance of the ultramontanes in Posen, we would not have half the trouble we had with Poland. 'You have passed through Poland,' he added; "how did you find matters there?" I answered: "Every thing seemed to be quiet and prosperous. I did not notice any discontent." "You are right," he rejoined; "the vast majority of the Poles have discovered by this time that their interests are identical with those of the rest of our provinces."

He then invited me to take a walk in the garden. The garden is not very large, but full of beautiful plants and splendid trees. It is surrounded, in horseshoe form, by a large greenhouse, which costs the prince about twenty thousand rubles a year to maintain. It is divided into five departments, and contains exquisite specimens of plants, flowers, and fruits, from America, the East Indies, and Australia. Ten gardeners are employed to

take care of this magnificent establishment. Prince Gortschakoff told me there was only one finer greenhouse in the country, and that was the emperor's at Zarskoe-Selo.

At the supper-table I met Madame Atchinnoff, the chancellor's niece, the lady who had opened the front-door to me. She spoke no German, and so the conversation at the table was carried on in French. The repast was very simple: tea, cold ham, a dish of pigeon-soup, and fried potatoes. Prince Gortschakoff is noted for his abstemious habits. He never drinks wine, and never smokes. He eats but two meals a day, besides a cup of coffee which he drinks in bed in the morning. He sleeps ten or twelve hours, and goes very early to bed. His regular habits have undoubtedly kept his frame in such excellent condition that he does not feel the infirmities of old age at all.—*Translated for the JOURNAL.*

MONOTONY.

Monotony is pleasant in itself; morally pleasant, and morally useful. Marriage is monotonous; but there is much, I trust, to be said in favor of holy wedlock. Living in the same house is monotonous; but three removes, say the wise, are as bad as a fire. Locomotion is regarded as an evil by our Litany. The Litany, as usual, is right. "Those who travel by land or sea" are to be objects of our pity and our prayers; and I do pity them. I delight in that same monotony. It saves curiosity, anxiety, excitement, disappointment, and a host of bad passions. It gives a man the blessed, invigorating feeling that he is at home; that he has roots, deep and wide, struck down into all he sees; and that only The Being who will do nothing cruel or useless can tear them up. It is pleasant to look down on the same parish day after day, and say: "I know all that lies beneath, and all beneath know me. If I want a friend, I know where to find him; if I want work done, I know who will do it." It is pleasant and good to see the same trees year after year; the same birds coming back in spring to the same shrubs; the same banks covered with the same flowers, and broken (if they be stiff ones) by the same gaps. Pleasant and good it is to ride the same horse, to sit in the same chair, to wear the same old coat. That man who offered twenty pounds' reward for a lost carpet-bag full of old boots was a sage, and I wish I knew him. Why should one change one's place, any more than one's wife or one's children? Is a hermit-crab, slipping his tail out of one strange shell into another, in the hopes of its fitting him a little better, either a dignified, safe, or graceful animal? No; George Riddler was a true philosopher:

"Let rules go sarching var and nigh,
We bides at Whum, my dog and I;"

and become there, not only wiser, but more charitable; for the oftener one sees, the better one knows; and the better one knows, the more one loves.

It is an easy philosophy; especially in the case of the horse, where a man cannot afford more than one, as I cannot. To own a stud of horses, after all, is not to own horses at all, but riding-machines. Your rich man who rides Crimea in the morning, Sir Guy in the afternoon, and Sultan-to-morrow, and something else the next day, may be a very gallant rider; but it is a question whether he enjoys the pleasure which one horse gives to the poor man who rides him day after day; one horse, who is not a slave, but a friend; who has learned all his tricks of voice, hand, heel, and knows what his master wants, even without being told; who will bear with his master's infirmities, and feel secure that his master will bear with his in turn.

Possibly, after all, the grapes are sour; and, were one rich, one would do even as the rich are wont to do; but still, I am a minute philosopher. And, therefore, this afternoon, after I have done the same work, visited the same people, and said the same words to them, which I have done for years past, and shall, I trust, for many a year to come, I shall go wandering out into the same winter-garden on the same old mare; and think the same thoughts, and see the same fir-trees, and meet perhaps the same good fellows hunting of their fox, as I have done with full content this many a year; and rejoice, as I said before, in my own boundless wealth, who have the whole universe to look at, without being charged one penny for the show.—*Charles Kingsley, "My Winter-Garden."*

ROMANCE IN REAL LIFE.

Lady Sarah had evidently inherited her beauty from her mother, who, while still in the school-room, was married, in a truly ludicrous manner, to Lord March. The story is told us by her grandson, Mr. Henry Napier:

"My grandfather, the second Duke of Richmond, was one of the lords of the bedchamber to King George II., who then resided at Kensington Palace. He had been, as was the custom in those days, married, while yet a boy, to Lady Sarah Cadogan, daughter of that Lord Cadogan who, as a cavalry-officer, distinguished himself so much in the Duke of Marlborough's wars.

"This marriage was made to cancel a gambling-debt, the young people's consent having been the last thing thought of. The Earl of March was sent for from school, and the young lady from her nursery; a clergyman was in attendance, and they were told that they were immediately to become man and wife! The young lady is not reported to have uttered a word. The gentleman exclaimed: '*They surely are not going to marry me to that dowdy!*' The ceremony, however, took place; a post-chaise was ready at the door, and Lord March was instantly packed off with his tutor to make the 'grand tour,' while his young wife was returned to the care of her mother, a Dutchwoman, daughter of William Munter, counselor of the courts of Holland. After some years spent abroad, Lord March returned, a well-educated, handsome young man, but with no very agreeable recollections of his wife. Wherefore, instead of at once seeking his own home, he went directly to the opera or theatre, where he amused himself, between the acts, in examining the company. He had not been long occupied in this manner when a very young and beautiful woman more especially struck his fancy; and, turning to a gentleman beside him, he asked who she was. 'You must be a stranger in London,' replied the gentleman, 'not to know the toast of the town, the beautiful Lady March!' Agreeably surprised at this intelligence, Lord March proceeded to the box, announced himself, and claimed his bride, the very dowdy whom he had so scornfully rejected some years before, but with whom he afterward lived so happily that she died of a broken heart within the year of his decease, which took place at Godalming, in Surrey, in August, 1760."

This is truly one of the frolics in which Destiny every now and then indulges. The young man, married whether he would or not, scarcely looking at his bride, after one glance has sufficed to make him cry out against being married to "that dowdy," is meant, later on in life, to fall in love with that same "dowdy" grown into a beauty; and the two are so happy together that, when he is dead, incapable of living without him, she follows him to the grave.—"*Holland House*," by Princess Marie Liechtenstein.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"WE take it for granted," says the "Old Cabinet," in *Scribner's Magazine*, "that the one desirable thing among men is the truth." Notwithstanding this broad assumption, however, the "Old-Cabinet" philosopher finds that, with the ordinary human being, there appears to be something really more desirable than the truth—"if that something be nothing more ignoble in itself than a certain peace of mind, which may by some be easily obtained by the stopping of the ears, and the shutting of the eyes, and the folding of the hands to sleep."

We are, for our part, very much disposed to place great trust in the wisdom of the average mortal, when this wisdom is the product of his natural instincts; hence, if the ordinary human being exhibits the disposition so much deplored by the writer from whom we have quoted, it may be worth while to inquire if it is not right and wise that he should do so.

It is perhaps unnecessary to say that, within certain limits, and bearing upon certain things, truth is not only desirable, but is indispensable to the very existence of society. Deceit, whatever form it may take, should be frowned out of the community—this everybody understands and believes; but there is a kind of untruth, certain delusions and self-deceptions, certain fictions, misconceptions, and misjudgments, that are really as indispensable as truth itself. Men and women could not endure to live without them. Just as the whole welfare of society depends upon the prevalence of truth up to a certain point, so does its welfare, paradoxical as it may be, depend upon the prevalence of delusions beyond that point. If falsehood and deceit are intolerable in one vast range of facts, so in another vast range of facts a knowledge of things as they really are would be equally intolerable. If it be said that society cannot hold together without truth, we reply that society would be sure not to hold together if in some things fiction did not interpose its veil—if the eyes did not close, the ears hush, and all the senses slip away into a dream. It is not difficult to show that a general incoming of truth, of a rigid knowledge of things as they really are, would be a disaster, a flood in which would be wrecked many and many of our hopes and felicities.

How could men and women, as a class, endure real knowledge of themselves—how come to see their own incapacities, weaknesses, and blunders? Without the sort of glamour in which delusive self-love makes every man see himself, the majority of mankind would simply be unable to tolerate existence. For men to know how feeble they really are in mental capacity, to measure accurately their unfitness for their tasks, to see

how incapacity is certain to make wreck of their hopes, to know how intellectual dullness is shutting them out from high sources of enjoyment, to see the vulgarity of their tastes, the pettiness of their aims, the inferiority of their whole physical and mental make-up—to know the full and perfect truth about themselves, would be about the most discouraging possession they could come into. To know even the judgment of their contemporaries—to see and feel all their depreciation and contempt—would be simply torment. The world could not get on without the delusions that come of self-love—the most exquisite of inventions for rendering inferiority endurable.

How could men and women tolerate the absolute truth as regards intimate associates—their friends, and relations, and progeny? There exists a large range of delusions by which peace and content are rendered possible. We may assume that some lovers are worthy of the love bestowed upon them, but we know as a fact that very few indeed are, in truth, what the fancy of the captivated imagination has painted them. Nor should it be otherwise. That sweet craze which we call love is declared to be indispensable for the propagation of the race, and we know well that if young men and women looked at each other with clear and penetrating eyes, with accurate perception of the qualities their purpose would bind to them, marriage would become a rare phenomenon.

And, while loves begin with a pleasant delusion, marriage felicity is rendered permanent in most cases only by the "shut eyes and the closed ears" of one or both of the wedded pair. Sometimes, indeed, the delusions of married life are simply delightful. The disinterested observer is charmed in watching the agreeable fictions with which each has invested the other, and he knows full well that no greater injury could come to them than a sudden awakening to the real facts. Happiness in their case—and these cases are many—rests upon amiable delusions that we cannot too earnestly hope may be perpetuated.

Shall we open the eyes of all the mothers in the land to what their children really are? It could not be done without inflicting widespread misery. Maternal love is only possible, in a vast majority of cases, by certain subtle idealizations of the being loved—by delusions patent enough to every one else, but which weave a halo around the baby's brow, clothe its limbs with lustre, and fill the hopeful heart with a thousand fond expectations. Truth to the mother's heart would too often be something no man of heart would care to teach her. Blessed here are the "shut eyes and the closed ears!"

In faith, it is supposed to be essentially necessary that the truth, and only the truth, should prevail. Why? Who knows, or who can, in his finite limitations, come to know,

what the truth really is? The Almighty is not served by the accuracy of what people know, but by the exaltation of what they feel. The purpose of religion is to discipline, and sweeten, and purify the heart. It is necessary that the ideals which work these ends should be lofty and pure, but it is not necessary that they should have scientific or even historical verification. Designed to accomplish certain ends for the worshiper, the Worshiped can suffer no wrong if the imagination builds up a conception of its own—which has no power to think of the Almighty but as it imagines the Almighty, and this imagination is strictly an outcome of the necessities of its own nature—whether a delusion or not, no man can tell. There are certain religious errors, we all feel assured, should be overthrown, but there are others which would do great harm to overthrow, unless we could offer the worshipers acceptable substitutes. All we can do in this sphere is to seek to establish lofty ideals and ennobling conceptions; these will contain all the truth necessary for our religious life, and come as near the truth as our uncertain faculties can bring us.

It is nowadays very much the fashion to declaim a great deal about the sacredness of truth. Men must see and know things as they are, say these philosophers, let the consequences be what they may. To cherish an error is to prostrate yourself before Juggernaut. The truth must prevail if the heavens fall; all mistakes, and misconceptions, and illusions, and fancies, and dreams, must be dissipated, and human nature must take its stand upon the rock of truth. It would be a very dreary rock. It would be barren in itself, and make the rest of the world barren like it. Truth, in the domain of those things we have discussed, is simply impossible. Delusion is one of the factors of life and association; it is a law of Nature as well as a necessity of society that we should see many matters in a light of our own creation, which is called false because others see them in a different light; and this necessity, or faculty, or boon—we may call it either—appears all through life, in all its associations, its doings, its hopes, its triumphs. Truth is often something no man dare look upon in its rugged nakedness.

—The New-York Board of Education has fixed the salary for "male principals of grammar-schools" at three thousand dollars per annum, and for "female principals of grammar-schools" at two thousand dollars per annum. This discrimination in favor of men, or "males," as the right honorable Board choose to call them, is declared by the *Christian Union* to be "a piece of scandalous injustice," while the *Herald* thinks "it outrages common-sense," and defies "any logic to prove that two persons, performing equal amounts of equally important work, ought to be paid unequally," etc. The other journals,

for the most part, follow suit, and swell the volume of indignant declamation. We have repeatedly said here, and we once more reiterate the assertion, that, whether women's wages shall or shall not be lower than men's wages, is solely a matter for the women themselves to decide. They are paid in certain things less than men are paid simply because they compete for work at lower rates. The Board of Education are bound to conduct the schools upon strict economic principles. They have no right, morally or legally, to pay complimentary prices to anybody. Hence, if they find that they can supply the "female" schools with principals at two thousand dollars per year, they have no right to pay more; if they find they must pay a higher sum in order to secure the necessary talent for the "male" schools, they are simply compelled to do so. They have no escape excepting this: if women are as competent as men, then women, being obtainable at a lower price, should be selected for the places now occupied by men. The Board have no right to fill places at three thousand dollars which can be equally well filled at two thousand. If there is any injustice in the matter, it is an injustice to the tax-payers. In regard to the *Herald's* defiant logic, we also throw down the gauntlet—asserting, and defying the disproof, that, when the conditions are in all things equal, no difference exists between the wages of men and women. But mark, in all things equal—and it must be remembered that *competition* is a very controlling factor. If women compete for place more sharply than men do, if their eagerness prompts them, and their necessities permit them, to accept less, then their wages are certain to fall to a lower level than men's. Wages are determined by definite laws, and passionate declamation will no more affect them than a dog's baying at the moon will alter its course.

Just after the Atlantic disaster on the Nova-Scotia coast last winter, we pointed out how useless the boats had proved in that disaster, as they almost invariably do on shipwreck occasions, and suggested that every steamer should be provided with life-rafts. We find the same melancholy story repeated in the recent calamity to the Ville du Havre. But one boat proved available in the moment of emergency. Here was a ship at hand, with all its boats hovering near the scene, ready to pick up the passengers, and hence, had the steamer possessed requisite facilities for floating its unhappy victims even for an hour, a very much larger number would have been saved. In almost all accidents at sea, the boats, upon which so much reliance is placed in the anticipation of a calamity, prove either useless or treacherous. To launch a boat in a high sea, when all are cool and steady, is a difficulty; to do so in a panic is almost impossible. Why, then, do our shipbuilders continue to depend upon them? Let rafts be so constructed as to float either side up, and placed at convenient localities about the deck. Much of the upper work might be so built as to admit of ready conversion into this means of rescue. As proof of how much might be accomplished in this way, we may cite an instance in the wreck of the Ville du

Havre: one young lady went down with the ship, clinging to the ladder of the pilot-house. But the ladder floated, and she was picked up by one of the boats. The steamships on Lake Champlain have iron rafts, supported by hollow tubes, which are lashed upon the forward deck. A few blows with an axe or knife would release them. Let all passenger-vessels be similarly provided, in addition to their boats, and we shall find the rafts in some great emergency rendering signal service.

A story is told, in recent European papers, which repeats, in real life, an affecting incident long known to the dramatic world. Many of our readers will recollect the play of "The Last Man," in which the late Mr. Blake, that ripe and rare old comedian, used to appear. The story was of an annual dinner between twelve friends, that had been kept up for many years, vacant chairs at each anniversary being placed in position to mark the demise of any of the *coterie*. One by one the vacant chairs increased; one by one the little company grew smaller. At last but one remained. It is at this point that the drama begins. The last of the company is an octogenarian. He has come to the annual dinner, and finds himself alone, with only the eleven solemn empty chairs for company. Those who saw the play will recall Mr. Blake's most finished and pathetic acting in this scene. The old man's memory is partly gone—he can remember events far back, but those of recent occurrence are a blank to him. He cannot retain the recollection of the situation more than for a moment; and, as he turns at brief intervals to address a companion, and stares confusedly at the unfilled chair, for a moment staggering with grief, and then, in some fresh recollection, forgets the sad tragedy of the situation, we have, as presented by Mr. Blake, one of the most touching pictures in the domestic drama. The twelfth chair becomes empty ere the play ends. The incident in real life, which has recalled this drama to us, is described as follows in the *Cologne Gazette*: "In one of the principal restaurants in Paris a single guest lately sat down to a table laid for thirteen. He signified to the *garçon* that the other twelve places were taken, and proceeded quietly to eat his dinner. For twenty years, on the same day, he had dined at a table similarly furnished. This year he was unaccompanied, except by memories of the dead. On the first anniversary the thirteen places were all filled, Alfred de Musset, Théophile Gautier, and the Comte de Flehac, being of the number. Next year one chair—like Banquo's—was empty. Year after year passed, and, though the friends were fewer, the seats were placed as for the original party. During the course of the present year the last but one died, and the survivor, M. Rabelles, the artist, in his eighty-fourth year, dined alone." If this story is true, and we presume the *Gazette* may be relied upon, we can but wonder whether Mr. Rabelles and his friends were prompted to their singular and dramatic undertaking by the story of the play. The coincidence is almost too striking to be otherwise. We regret that we cannot recall the date of the first production of the play.

Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, November 25, 1873.

To the Editor of Appleton's Journal.

SIR: In the "Scientific Notes" of APPLETON'S JOURNAL, for November 22d, is an article from W. Saville Kent, upon the proposed aquarium in the Central Park, in which he refers to the possibility of exhibiting, in such a receptacle, animals as large as the *beluga*, or white whale, of the St. Lawrence.

It may be interesting, in this connection, to recall the fact that, among the principal attractions of the aquarium which was, some years ago, on successful exhibition in Boston, was a specimen of the *beluga*, or white whale, of very considerable size. Some of your Boston correspondents may inform your readers how and where this was obtained, and how it was transported.

B.

Art Notes.

THE last number of the *British Quarterly* has a highly-interesting article on the "Sources of Pleasure in Landscape." The article opens by pointing out the now almost universal passion for scenery exhibited in civilized life, and showing how notably this taste is an outcome of modern life—modern and European. "Other races and other ages differed from us, and from each other, in their notions of scenery. The Hebrew looked upon Nature with other eyes than the Greek; the Roman could not sympathize with the Norseman; our own immediate ancestors would be amazed at us." By the Greek mind natural scenery is characteristically regarded in connection with man, as reduced to order, fitness, and utility, through architectural adornment, horticulture, or the labors of the husbandman, and thus made subservient to his comfort or enjoyment; or, as the immediate background to the human figure, divine or otherwise, and the appropriate stage for the emotions. The poetry of India and Persia deals with Nature more in its seductive aspect as an adjunct to scenes of luxury and love. Hebrew literature, on the other hand, contrasts the littleness and feebleness of man with the beauty and majesty of Nature, because connecting these always with the greatness of God. The Roman, again, was still more utilitarian than the Greek. He looked at Nature more with the eye of the wealthy land-owner, or as subserving pleasures of the flesh, or as offering a field for the engineer. He laid out roads and great public works. He secluded himself in luxurious villas. If he liked the country, it was that he might be surrounded by a large establishment; that his fruit and his fish might be served in perfection; that he might be fanned by soft airs, and find soft paths for his feet—where, too, when so minded, he might resign himself to philosophy, or discourse with a select company of friends upon men and manners. Untamed Nature was to him repulsive. It has been remarked that "no description of the eternal snows of the Alps, when tinged in the morning or evening with a rosy hue, of the beauty of the blue glacier-ice, or of any part of the grandeur of Swiss scenery, has reached us from the ancients, although statesmen and generals with men of letters in their train, were constantly passing through Helvetia into Gaul." All these travelers think only of complaining of the difficulties of the way. Julius Caesar,

upon one such occasion, actually beguiled the weary time by preparing a grammatical treatise!"

The writer, after tracing the rise of a new order of sentiment, proceeds to consider his topic under the following distinct heads: the utilitarian, the scientific, the artistic, the historic, the poetic, and the moral. We can find space at present only for his comments on the artistic element in his topic.

This is due "to an innate pleasure in the forms or shapes of things, in the disposition of light and shadow, and in the qualities and arrangement of color. It is evident that landscape affords a large field for the expiation and delight of this art-faculty. The pleasure derived from form may be traced to three chief constituents—character of line, combination and opposition of lines, and proportion of parts. In all three the satisfaction is due, in great measure, to exact mathematical relations, of which the mind may be unconscious, but which please because a harmony or relation is felt, although its precise nature may not be understood. Musical sounds possess similar profound relations, and penetrate our being because exact numerical relation pervades all things. But our delight in form is further enhanced by its symbolic expressiveness. Lines and shapes and proportions are all felt to be inextricably associated with ideas. They utter a language which immediately awakens sensations. Lines of peculiar beauty or forbiddens; lines diverse and opposed, and yet combining; parts related, yet differing—please the mind from their symbolic significance. They are truths in hieroglyphic, and we rejoice in the apt expressiveness of the symbol. This also may be felt rather than explained. We do not say to ourselves that such a line or shape is expressive of such a truth—that the curved line is suggestive of softness and flexibility, and the straight line of rigidity, strength, and directness—but we feel it by virtue of the analogies between spirit and matter which pervade all Nature, and because matter and mind are run together in the same mould—the one overlastingly answering to and the exponent of the other.

"All objects in Nature are full of expressiveness in line and proportion—every leaf, flower, and pebble—but landscape offers the larger and richer field. In tree stems and branches abide an infinite variety; and mountain outlines, clean cut against a pure sky, present very choice examples of lines exquisite in their own immediate contour, and of lines opposed, or in combination. Quality of line is found in each separate member; a precipice in profile often yields a line of remarkable elegance; and, for combination, compare the long slope of the hill as it falls away backward with the straight precipitous front of the same; and it will generally present an example of expressive construction. Take such a range as that of the Oberland, as seen from Berne, or of the Pennine Alps, from the top of the Gemmi; their lines are thrown up, as it were, one against another, in splendid combination, like tossing waves congealed. Analyze their forms, and the nobleness of mountain outline will be apparent. The interior rifts and cleavages of mountains are also full of picturesque sweeps and breaks; but Mr. Ruskin was the first to point out the peculiar beauty of the lines of *débris*, or of mountain-flank, as it descends into the valley; this he ingeniously compares to the profile of a bird's wing, than which there is scarcely any thing more elegant, composed, as it is, in most refined proportions of the straight and the curved; elements which must enter, more or less, into the composition of every choice line.

"The interlacing lines of successive ranges of hills or distances, from the foreground to the horizon, are often exceedingly picturesque; and the contrast afforded by the dead, flat lines of a lake, or of the sea, cutting sharp against the shore, is always highly effective. In Continental scenery the valleys are often of this flat character, instead of being rounded, like the bottom of a bowl, as in our own smaller landscapes; and the expanse of a Continental plain, garnished by mountains, is striking from the contrast between the tossed and soaring lines above, and the level lines below.

"The nearer landscape affords this sort of beauty in abundance; rocks, crags, crumbling banks, old trees, and old cottages, present the richest combinations of line; and particularly the interlacing boughs and stems of trees render woodland scenery in winter often perfectly captivating to the instructed eye. Our Welsh valleys, and many pleasing bits of English rural scenery, owe their charm to the same endless complexity; a quality of which our artists are well aware, and encamp about them, summer after summer, with amusing pertinacity.

"Light and shadow derive their pictorial value from the same qualities of contour and proportion of which we have just been speaking. Shadows present themselves, primarily, as variously-shaped patches distributed upon an object, or throughout a landscape; exhibiting, therefore, simply in their *forms*, certain relations and proportions interesting and satisfactory in themselves. But shadow assumes a more important office in defining and relieving objects, and nothing 'tells' with greater effect in scenery. It is this which renders the presence of sunshine (without which there is no shadow) so valuable; every thing shows with us a bright and a dark side, and stands out from its neighbor. And this is why a landscape looks so much better, either at morning or evening, for then the light is lower, and the shadows longer, throwing out every feature in the strongest relief; so giving variety and boldness to the mountain-side or face of rock, and making every tree, cottage, or stone, of value, in virtue of its own particular shadow. And it is this which renders the effect of our April or October skies so delightful; streams of shadow are coursing over our landscapes, and not only diversifying their often tame surfaces by alternate bands of light and dark, but cutting out features otherwise undistinguishable; separating the heights, distances, and particular objects—now a tract of wood is dipped in deepest purple; now a hill stands boldly out; and now a building, or a tree, is printed off black against a sunlit background, or shines in silver upon a distant darkness.

"Mountains owe their most magnificent effects to shadows, which pour into their chasms, and flood their abysses, block out their large proportions, and sculpture their details in wonderful and sharp relief. Particularly to be admired are the shadows among the Alpine snows, so delicate, yet so defined, and carrying a tender tint which defies imitation. But the mention of tint, to which all shadow is much indebted for its beauty, leads us to our next element of the picturesque in landscape, namely—

"Color.—The charms of color are revealed to most eyes, yet not perhaps in the harmonies and subdued tones which so deliciously adorn the scenery of Nature. Colors are affected by various circumstances—by opposition, by combination, by shadow, reflection, transparency, distance, and atmosphere; and, for all these influences, landscape affords the fullest scope. Opposition of colors must be always sparing, and concentrated chiefly into vivid specks. Nature gives us these in flowers, insects, and bright

threads of cloud, in an occasionally richly-colored rock, or autumnal-tinted tree. But she is principally indebted to the works and ways of man in this respect; not so much in this country as almost everywhere abroad, where the taste for color displayed in booths, and in dresses of the peasantry bright with scarlet and blue, and the habit, in rural districts, of suspending colored mattresses from the windows, add wondrously to the effect of Continental scenery. Here our artists strive desperately to retain the tattered red cloak of the invaluable old woman, but it will soon be too antiquated for use. They may be thankful if the modern red petticoat survives. Poppies by the hedge-side, in this strait, are a great resource; lichens upon a rock or roof, and even a red jug or tile, to counteract our plenitude of greens. By colors in combination we mean that rich, harmonious blending of the various tints and tones which natural objects display in such abundance. Rock scenery for its grays, Scottish moors for their purples, autumn woodlands for their browns, all exhibit this harmony of colors, while a still more excellent harmony is produced by the tender admixture of various brighter, and even opposing, colors, refined by distance into one indescribable glow of color. A hill-side lit up by a sun-gleam often exhibits this delightful intermingling of various tints due to the bush, and heather, and sunburnt grass, and gorse, broken rock, and soil, which are, as it were, poured over its surface in molten streams.

"Shadow and reflection, however, are important agents in blending and diffusing varieties of tint. Shadow breaks into the midst of color with cool darks, where still the original tints are seen obscurely mingling, while again it prepares the way for reflections which strike rich colors into the gloom, and illuminate it as with a hidden glow. These effects are often excellently seen among buildings, old walls, and rocks, upon the bosom of still water, and where careering clouds fleck with shade the glacier and the snow-field.

"Transparency is noted for the lustre it bestows on color. The sun, shining through a roof of leaves, as in a wood, or beneath the trellised vines of the south, produces a golden green, under which it is delightful to repose, and the exquisite glancing and tremulous colors which play among the waters of shallow shores, often draw forth exclamations of delight. Who that has seen the glowing topaz tints of Scotch or Yorkshire streams, or the amethyst of Italian lakes, but will admit the beauty of transparency?

"But distance lends the highest enchantment to the view. Gradation is a charm of great refinement, and, from the foreground to the horizon, color is graduated on a scale of infinite delicacy. The breaks in a landscape, caused by ranges of successive elevation, sometimes involve the gradation in a marked series of steps, rendering the effect of distance upon color more obvious; while sometimes, as in the vast Continental plains, the eye wanders delighted over the vanishing expanse. The tender blues and purples of distant mountains are full of loveliness, as are the soft, receding azure of a sea prospect, and the upward reverse deepening of the sky-tints from the horizon to the zenith. The colors of distance, always clear, bright, distinct, and yet soft, often defy analysis, and confound imitation. Atmosphere is, in most respects, only another name for distance; but it may be classed separately for the effect it produces when it becomes a colored medium. Two conditions of this sort are very noticeable, where it is suffused with yellow sun-rays, as at morning, and more especially even-

ing-time, glorifying the entire face of Nature; and, when following sunset, that crimson 'after-glow,' so well known to Alpine travelers, touches all the rocks with fire, and tinges the snow-peaks with colors of the rose."

Music and the Drama.

THE production of a new opera by one of the two or three greatest of living composers is in and of itself an important fact in the world of art, more so perhaps than that of a great painting or a noble poem. This follows not merely from the consideration that the gifts constituting the creative musical genius are more exceptional, but because music is more wide-reaching than any other of the fine arts. Verdi has, during his long and fruitful labors, borne the reputation of being the most popular of contemporary composers. His music, full of beautiful and catching melodies, has been constructed on a plan which uses the artistic law of contrast to its fullest limit, and consequently has embodied those romantic and melodramatic effects so pleasing to the masses of opera-going people. His style of composition and his theories of art have been so marked and well defined that, judging him by the experience of other composers, it might be well assumed that he had reached his ultimatum of development, both as regards power and individuality. The principal representatives of the French and German music have rarely, if ever, deviated from this law of growth.

But in the great Italian composer we have a noticeable example of a new departure, at an age when the majority of his predecessors have been, if not in their decadence, at least at a stand-still. "Aida," recently produced at the Academy of Music under the Strakosch management, while ranking, in our opinion, as the greatest of his works, is especially interesting in the records of art as marking so important a change. Though Verdi infused Italian music with a vigor and boldness of coloring before lacking to it, he in no wise departed from the canons of the school in which his tastes were educated. The lyric drama, under the old theory, did not aim to present a great and harmonious picture of action set to music, but simply made itself the vehicle of a succession of beautiful *romances* and ballads, strung on a dramatic framework. These were designed as the salient features, and the principal artists were expected to step out of the mimic action of stage-life, and address themselves to an audience precisely as if in the concert-room. Weber in German music, and Meyerbeer among the French, were the first to inaugurate a new conception of opera; and Richard Wagner has not only fully worked out these novel ideas in composition, but developed their philosophy at great length in numerous essays. To sum up the characteristics of the new school in concise and general terms, they may be described as follows: Firstly, the subordination of individual effects to the perfection and symmetry of the *ensemble*; secondly, a lavish demand on the sister-arts to contribute their choicest gifts to make the artistic illusion more perfect; thirdly, a tendency to enrich the harmonic wealth of the music, alike in the concerted pieces and orchestration, and reduce the air into a species of melodious recitation (known technically as the *aria parlante*); lastly, the rigid exile of all trivial and commonplace themes, and the substitution therefor of what is heroic, elevating, and dignified. Such is "the music of the future." Such, to a large extent, are the salient peculiar-

ities of the new opera of "Aida." Various rumors have been current for several years as to Verdi's admiration of Wagner's genius and theories, and we now have the most convincing proof of their truth.

The story of the opera, though not worked out with much literary care, is singularly grand and striking. Radames, a young soldier, serving in the royal guard of one of the ancient Pharaohs, is designated by the priestly oracles as the leader of the Egyptians in repelling an invasion of the Ethiopians, whose king, Amnaso, burns to avenge former defeat and the captivity of his daughter, Aida, who is a slave of Pharaoh's daughter, Amneris. The latter, secretly in love with Radames, suspects her slave of being her happy rival, and, torn with jealousy, endeavors to extract from her the secret of her affection. Radames returns from war a victor, with the Ethiopian king a captive; and, in the midst of the grand pageant of rejoicing, Aida recognizes her father, who has just been saved from the doom of death, which Ramfis, the high-priest, urges against him, at the intercession of the young warrior. Radames is offered the hand of the royal heiress, which he dares not refuse. He meets Aida by moonlight on the banks of the Nile for a final parting; and, in the agonies of that adieu, he weakly reveals to the Ethiopian king, who joins them, the fatal secret of the military pass on which the safety of Egypt from invasion depends. The revelation is overheard by Amneris and the high-priest, who come from the neighboring temple; and Radames is seized as a traitor, while the others escape. The young soldier is condemned to be immured alive, under the temple of Philitah, in a tomb. Aida finds her way to him under the secret crypts, and they die in each other's arms, singing their "swan-song."

It may be easily conceived, without further elaboration, what noble capacities for dramatic effect are wrapped up in such a theme—effects, too, that rise far above the staple products of the average librettist. The historic and heroic atmosphere in which the story is wrapped gives opportunity for spectacular display and a gorgeous *mise en scène* not surpassed in the history of art. This chance the Strakosch management has not allowed to pass, and, as a result, New-York opera-goers have seen the most lavishly-mounted opera ever placed on the boards of the Academy of Music.

It is in the nature of the music, however, that we find the most interesting field of observation. This is so artfully interwoven with the dramatic sentiment that it is difficult to divorce them or consider them apart. In no case do we find the artist stepping out from the picture-frame, and the solo becomes simply the lyric expression of some form of passion involved in the sequences of the action.

The choruses are especially remarkable for their originality, breadth, and dramatic power—effects unquestionably enhanced by the splendor of the scenic setting in which they occur. The same is true of the duets, trios, and concerted endings of the second, third, and fourth acts. The orchestra is made to carry something more than the function of mere accompaniment. The composer has scored this part of the music with such rich and subtle beauties that we detect in it the intent to carry, parallel with the vocal expression, a magnificent symphonic picture. Verdi has given us the evidence, in this work, of greatly-augmented command over the resources of the orchestra. The generous use of the string and reed groups is conspicuous, and the music thus derives a warmth and glow of coloring which combine happily with the

majesty of the harmonies. In summing up the merits of this opera, we can only repeat what has been said before—that, in our judgment, it is without question the *chef-d'œuvre* of the composer, and marks the flowering of his genius into a more lofty and noble style than he has ever previously shown.

On the evening of December 2d, Mr. Daly opened his new theatre, still known by the name of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, to a brilliant audience. It is a very elegant establishment, and is destined to become the favorite home, in our city, of modern comedy. The opening occasion was signalized by an admirable address, written by Oliver Wendell Holmes, and by the production of a new five-act comedy, by Alberry, called "Fortune," which did not prove a fortunate selection for the event. The play is bright and sparkling in dialogue, but the story is tediously spun out; it lacks movement and dramatic interest. The story is simply of one *Kitty Compton*, a pretty young house-keeper to *Major Hawley*, who suddenly comes into possession of a fortune, and, being in love with the major's son, an artist, whose pictures she has been surreptitiously buying up, she eventually marries him. The character is one of those common to the stage—good-natured vulgarity suddenly placed in position above its education, but one never, to our mind, agreeable, notwithstanding the opportunities it affords for humor. Mr. Daly has lavished fine scenery upon a comedy which cannot long retain its place upon the stage. If compressed into three acts, it would be much more enjoyable, and might in this form prove a success.

Literary Notes.

THE season of gift-books is upon us; and the publishers' shelves are already ablaze with the brilliant dresses in which the old favorites of book-lovers are arrayed for this holiday-time, to say nothing of the new beauties with which each year strives to surpass its predecessors in the matter of artistic production and finished work. "Gift-book" is a term of large significance in our day: it still applies, as ever, to those gorgeous specimens of binding, and printing, and engraving—those "galleries," and "portfolios," and editions of "selected" poems—that have ornamented drawing-room tables for several generations; but how much more general an application has it gained of late! To-day there is a "holiday edition" of almost every book worth permanence that has appeared during the year, and our gifts need not be entirely useless in order to be ornamental. The works on the Christmas shelves are not now bits of patchwork, made solely to catch the eye, and "to sell" for the moment; in recent years there has been a vast improvement in this respect. Publishers have learned that a book that is a permanent and valuable addition to a library will, at Christmas as at other times, sell better than a volume of mere pictorial attraction; and the very best of current and classical literature, presented in really beautiful forms, is fast superseding the old school of gilt-morocco and tinted-paper nothingness.

In years of financial difficulty it is customary to prophesy that people will make few and inexpensive holiday presents, especially in the shape of books. It is almost as customary to find that this prophecy turns out to be incorrect. The irresistible tendency toward present-giving that prevails in the genial

period between the week before Christmas and New-Year's day, is subject to comparatively little regulation by any panic that the most speculative nation can create. The attraction of the counters is great to men with money in their pockets, even though a financial crisis is threatening them while they buy. It will prove so this year, as before. And, that no one of our readers may venture into the mazes of book-selecting entirely without guidance, we propose to choose, from the almost numberless announcements, at least enough for a brief summary of the more noteworthy seductions that are offered—choosing in most cases those books of which the matter is entirely or in great part new, and leaving the book-buyer to take for granted that the finer editions of classic and well-known works are as abundant as is usual at this time of the year.

In New York, Messrs. Appleton & Co. present three books of totally different character, each of which is, in its department, a worthy subject for the highest praise. The "Midsummer-Night's Dream," illustrations by Mr. Alfred Fredericks, is one of the most beautiful art-products that the year has given. From drawings rich in fancy and admirable in execution, a series of engravings in tint have been prepared and printed with the very perfection of artistic workmanship. It would hardly be possible to secure more grace and beauty in the preparation of wood-engravings than are here shown. Paul Laeox's "Manners, Customs, and Dress, during the Middle Ages," has been already described here, and of this we will only renew our praise. The third of the Messrs. Appletons' noteworthy publications is Aimé Humbert's admirable work on "Japan and the Japanese," in an English translation by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, and presented in a really superb royal quarto volume, with more than two hundred drawings and sketches. It has three values—as an authority in its subject, an entertaining book, and a very beautiful product of art.

Messrs. Scribner, Armstrong & Co., besides a highly-praised volume of engravings from the greater British artists—Wilkie, Turner, Landseer, and many more—and several other works of similar kind, which are always valuable, have several books of much less magnificence of preparation, but of even more value to the ordinary buyer of Christmas presents. Their capital editions of Jules Verne's "From the Earth to the Moon" and "Journey to the Centre of the Earth" ought to bring great delight to hundreds of boys who have a right to look for them among their holiday gifts. "Hans Brinker," too, which appears in a new edition, is among the very first of the books that should be bought for children. And, while we are writing of Messrs. Scribner & Co.'s publications, we would make a suggestion to that large class of people who are always puzzled at holiday-time to know what children will like. Let any one who is indecisive over this question, solve it by presenting the expectant youngster with a year's subscription to the new children's magazine, *Saint Nicholas*, and he may rest assured that he has given satisfaction at least. This admirable periodical is a matter which we hope to notice at greater length elsewhere.

Messrs. Henry Holt & Co. have combined a literary work of high rank with an equally valuable artistic one, in their very beautiful edition of Taine's "Pyrenees," with Gustave Doré's illustrations—the whole prepared with great skill of printer and binder. This makes a volume that has a more permanent value than that of a merely attractive Christmas present. "Buzz-a-Buzz; or, the Bees," is a capital pre-

sensation to American readers of one of the most comical of the German *Bilderbogen*—those series of pictures and rhymes that no gravity can resist. There is a great deal of good holiday fun in this book, with its colored plates and well-rendered jingle of verse.

Messrs. Putnam have among their stock of holiday books at least two that are noteworthy as new artistic works—Mrs. Greator's "Summer Etchings in Colorado," and her "Album of the Passion Play at Ober-Ammergau," wherein, besides her twenty etchings, there are sixty large and beautiful photographs by Albert. The text is by J. P. Jackson. The volume is a large quarto, and, though sold at a price which puts it beyond the reach of the ordinary buyer, it ought to meet with a reception from the wealthier lovers of art that will encourage the preparation of similar works of the same really high order. Messrs. Putnam also offer not a few very choice and beautiful editions of well-known illustrated works; and for children several capital books—among them Mrs. Eiloart's "The Boy with an Idea," one of the really good children's stories of the year.

Messrs. Sheldon & Co. have brought out a very beautiful volume of sacred poetry, under the title "Heaven in Song," prepared under the editorship of Henry C. Fish, D. D. It is composed of selections, from the whole range of poetical literature, of those passages relating to the subject which its title shows.

Messrs. Dodd & Mead, while they announce comparatively few works as especially holiday publications, have nevertheless a stock on hand from which really excellent presents may be selected. Dr. Jessup's "Women of the Arabs" is so well prepared, and with such variety of illustration, that it hits a very happy medium between the useful and ornamental; this is one of the firm's latest publications. They have also among their stock some finely-prepared books of natural history—note-worthy among them are Dr. Hartwig's "The Sea and its Living Wonders," and "The Tropical World," both illustrated with colored plates and woodcuts.

Messrs. Hurd & Houghton have many attractive books among those that they offer. Both of Mr. Leland's new books ("The Egyptian Sketch-Book," and "The Gypsies in England") are dainty enough to make their appearance, at holiday-time, very opportune and appropriate. Mrs. Ames's collection of "Ballads for Little Folk," from the writings of Alice and Phoebe Cary, will be an excellent gift to many children. The admirable editions of several standard authors, of which Messrs. Hurd & Houghton are the publishers, always enjoy a great holiday popularity.

The abundance of choice English books offered for sale by the American branches of Messrs. Routledge and Macmillan may be taken for granted; nor have we space here to do more than allude to them. The multitude of the Messrs. Harpers' publications varies but little, if at all, with the holidays; but they are right in relying upon the steady demand that always makes their books popular presents then as at other times. Some of their recent publications are, indeed, such excellent specimens of book-making, that they fairly sustain competition with all the splendors about them.

In Boston, the lists of holiday books, and those that are available for holiday presents, are long and attractive. Among the works which Messrs. Osgood & Co. offer are those most admirable compilations for children, Whittier's collections, "Child-Life," and "Child-Life in Prose." We know of few better presents for little people than are these. Colonel

Higginson's "Oldport Days," the holiday edition of Mr. Howells's "Chance Acquaintance," Winslow Homer's capital alhousse illustrations of Lowell's "The Courtin'," Hoppin's illustrations of Saxé's "Proud Miss MacBride," the "Winter Poems," and Whittier's "Snow-Bound," with a very great number of old and new favorites, will be as much sought for now as always. Messrs. Roberts Brothers publish excellent editions of Mr. Hamerton's works, Jean Ingelow's poems, and other books announced as especially prepared for the holidays; but we are mistaken if the long list of admirable works they have published during the past year do not prove the best portion of their holiday stock after all.

In Philadelphia, we have already noticed, among Messrs. Porter & Coates's stock, the book of fairy tales called "Northern Lights" as among the best contributions of the year to children's literature; "Lady Green Satin and her Maid Rosette" will also prove another capital holiday present for young people. Messrs. Lippincott & Co. publish several good books of engravings, excellently prepared.

In this brief summary it has been impossible to notice any thing more than those books which have come most prominently before us; but by giving, in so far as possible, a guide to much of that which we know, we do not mean to distract attention from the many and almost equally noteworthy holiday publications of which, from lack of space, or from inadvertency, we have omitted to speak.

There was a time when American religious periodicals and newspapers uniformly frowned upon the novel; but recently the example of English publications of a similar character has been followed, no doubt to great advantage. The *Evangelist* has had its novel; the *Independent* publishes short stories; the *Christian Union* has its novel; the *Golden Age* astonishes its readers weekly with the dramatic incidents of Theodore Tilton's "Tempest Tossed;" and now the Methodist writers are following suit, Alexander Clark, editor of the *Methodist Recorder*, author of "The Gospel in the Trees," "Working Christianity," etc., being engaged upon a serial story of American life for the pages of the *Schoolday Magazine* of Philadelphia.

Scientific Notes.

THE following new method of observing plant-growth will be of interest as illustrating the ingenuity displayed by modern investigators in their search after new facts, while the points demonstrated may be of much practical value to agriculturists. In the course of a thorough research into the growth of plants and the varying conditions which either encourage or retard it, there is need that some means be devised for accurately measuring the daily increase in the length of both branches and roots. In order to effect this, a method devised by M. Askensay, and recommended by him to the Heidelberg Society of Natural Science, is thus described: He places roots to grow in glass tubes of suitable width, or in troughs of square section, fixes these under the microscope, and observes the point of the root magnified eighty to a hundred times, along with a micrometer, one division of which corresponds to about one-eighth of a millimetre in the object. The upper end of the root must be fixed in the tube, for which purpose the friction of the thicker part against the glass mostly proves sufficient.

Further, the plant must be guarded against evaporation, and the temperature kept constant. If the arrangements are good, the root-point is seen continuously advancing across the field of the microscope, passing one division after another. It will appear from this description that the observer can vary the conditions of moisture, temperature, etc., and thus, by noting the effect of changes, reach a just conclusion as to the requirements of a healthful and vigorous growth. Few, who have not given the subject thoughtful attention, are aware of the rapidity of growth in seeds and young sprouts, particularly of the serials, and many food-plants. As an instance, M. Askensy observed that a pea-root, when viewed under these conditions, advanced ten divisions in from ten to eleven minutes, at a temperature of 71° Fahr., while a root of Indian-corn took, for the same distance, from eleven to twelve minutes. An increase in the temperature from 71° to 77° Fahr. was followed by a decided increase in the rate of growth of the latter root. It is a common thing to hear a delighted farmer say, on a warm summer day after a night of refreshing rain, that he could "fairly hear the corn grow!" but here is an instrument, by the aid of which that growth becomes actually visible, and can be measured, and the record used as an aid toward further research. The general conclusion reached by this ingenious student was, that an elevation of temperature, up to a certain point, is immediately followed by an increased rapidity in the growth of the root. "Thus," he states, "a maize-root, at a temperature of 68.5° Fahr., advanced six divisions in two hundred and ninety seconds, or one division in forty-eight seconds; but, after a rise of temperature to 73.5° Fahr., two divisions were passed in seventy seconds, or 5.6 in six minutes. The results secured by these novel and apparently purely theoretical observations will give force to the opinion frequently advanced by us, that often the farmer or practical worker may gain information of great value, by means of experiments that promise little beyond the general interest they may excite. Now that the winter is at hand, and the farmer finds his long evenings with no demands for labor, would it not be well to consider these theoretical questions more thoughtfully? Surely there is sufficient evidence that from just such work as that of M. Askensy have been obtained facts that may prove of great practical value. As it is undoubtedly the case that many farmers would gladly render some slight service to the science of agriculture by such efforts, provided they know how to go to work, or just what is needed, we would suggest, as one of a thousand interesting subjects, that of 'the relative value of fertilizers.' And possibly the following course of experiment might lead to results of great practical value: Let a series of common flower-pots be filled with ordinary field-earth, through which the more common manures or fertilizers have been distributed in stated proportions. Having thus prepared, say six pots, each with its own peculiar earth, let grains of wheat or other seed be sown, and their rapidity of growth carefully noted. Observe, also, the temperature of the room, the amount of water added, and the general character of the plant. Make a careful daily record of this progress, and thus, at the end of the winter season, there will be at hand, and in a definite form, facts that may be rendered of great service in the subsequent treatment of the larger crops. We mention this as a single method—others will suggest themselves to the inquiring or thoughtful agriculturist; and, should the results obtained fail of any direct

practical purpose, yet the student cannot but find in them valuable suggestions; and thus the farmer becomes at once, and in a marked degree, the assistant of the scientist and professional observer."

The 27th of November ultimo will be regarded as a red-letter day in the annals of American engineering. On the afternoon of that day, the blast was fired which opened the tunnel under Hoosac Mountain. The successful completion of this great work suggests the following facts and figures relating to it: The need of the tunnel appears in the fact that it will secure a direct and convenient communication between the Hudson River and the Massachusetts seaboard. In the year 1848 a railroad company received a charter, which included the present scheme for a tunnel beneath Hoosac Mountain. Finding the difficulties too many to be met by a private organization, an application for State aid was made in 1851. It was not until 1854, however, that the first appropriation from the State Treasury was made, and four years later (1858) the work was begun in accordance with a contract made between Herman Haupt & Co. and the Troy and Greenfield Railroad Company. Owing to a misunderstanding between these contractors and the State Engineer, the work was greatly delayed; and in 1865, in accordance with a report made by a legislative committee, the State took possession, both of the road and tunnel, and, having made further appropriations, directed the work to proceed, under charge of a duly appointed and authorized commission. In 1863, the final contract was made between the Governor and Council of the State on one side, and Messrs. Walter and Francis Shanly, of Canada, on the other. And the completion of the work at this early day is directly due to the energy and skill of these enterprising contractors. The following general estimates, obtained from reliable sources, will best illustrate the magnitude of the work, and the difficulties attending its accomplishment. The tunnel, as now completed, has a length of 25,031 feet, being next in length to that of Mont Cenis. It is 24 feet wide and 30 feet high, above the level of the railroad-track; at a distance of 12,837 feet from the eastern entrance, and 12,194 from the western, is a ventilating and entrance shaft, having a length of 1,080 feet. The rock through which the boring was made differed greatly in character: on the western side the first mile was carried through quartz-rock; this was followed by a softer material, until finally it became necessary to brick over the passage; in this work of arching, over 7,000,000 bricks have been used. In the fulfilling of their contract, the Messrs. Shanly have consumed 275,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine, 329,000 pounds of powder, 49,500 pounds of giant-powder, and 2,500 pounds of duxin. The loss of life consequent upon the progress of the work was 43; of these deaths, 21 were due to premature explosions; 4 by the accidental explosion of a nitro-glycerine magazine; 9 by falling down the central shaft, which was used daily as a means of entrance and exit; 8 others were killed by the falling of overhanging rocks, and one was drowned. The cost of the work, including interest, is estimated at \$10,000,000, half of which was appropriated at the time of the Shanly contract. The first to pass through the breach made by the final blast was Hon. Robert Johnson, of Boston, State Senator and chairman of the legislative committee on the tunnel. He was immediately followed by Mr. Shanly. It is expected that the tunnel will be ready for use by the 4th of July next. The drills used in this work were of the Burleigh

pattern, and the motor was compressed air, forced in from the engines and pumps at entrances of the tunnel. The explosive of greatest value was nitro-glycerine, which was ignited by the ordinary electric spark. We learn that the Burleigh rock-drill has been received with favor across the Atlantic, and that the engineers of the St.-Gothard Tunnel have been giving it a trial. As of interest in the present connection, it might be added that a distinguished engineer lately stated before the British Association that he thought that boring and blasting would soon be superseded by some adaptation of the steam-hammer, mounted on trunnions like a cannon, which would smash the rocks and demolish them by the force of concussion alone.

M. de St.-Florent claims to have solved the perplexing problem of photographing in natural colors. In a recent communication, in which the details of the process are given, the writer states that, after many unsuccessful attempts, he was at last fortunate enough to discover a method of producing with great ease and certainty heliochromic prints whose colors are closely allied with those of Nature. Not only were colored glass and stamps faithfully reproduced, but landscapes also. In the latter case, however, the colors were rather weak, a result believed to be solely due to minor defects in the process, which further experiments will serve to avoid. Following this announcement is a detailed description of the method employed, which may be readily verified or disproved by professional workers.

A London physician has found that the iron filings with which the lower grades of tea are so extensively adulterated, combine with the tannin of the tea in the stomach and produce ink. Commenting on this, one of the papers suggests that, "pending the full application of the Adulteration Act to this article, grocers might be kind enough to supply the antidote with the bane by selling tea wrapped up in blotting-paper."

The Australian Government have proposed to grant a site for the Adelaide University and give ten thousand pounds toward its construction, provided a similar amount is raised by private subscription.

ADDITIONS TO THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE AND MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, FOR WEEK ENDING NOVEMBER 29, 1878.

Additions to Menagerie.

- 1 Red and Blue Macaw (*Ara Macao*). Habitat, Central America. Purchased.
- 1 Lesser Sulphur-crested Cockatoo (*Cacatua sulphurea*). Habitat, Moluccas. Purchased.
- 1 Roseate Cockatoo (*Cacatua roseicapilla*). Habitat, Australia. Purchased.
- 1 Bald Eagle (*Haliaeetus leucocapillus*). Presented by Mrs. Captain O. F. Hazard.
- 1 Flying-Squirrel (*Pteromys volutella*). Presented by Mr. Henry C. Carter.

W. A. CONKLIN, Director.

Additions to Museum.

- 6 Specimens of Brown Bat (*Vesperugo subulatus*). Presented by Mrs. J. B. Eaton, Fort Hamilton.
- Specimens of local Lepidoptera. Presented by Miss Gelston, Fort Hamilton.
- Eggs of the Gannet (*Sula bassana*); Razor-billed Auk (*Alca borealis*); Arctic Puffin (*Morona arctica*); Arctic Tern (*Sterna macroura*). Presented by Mr. William L. Breese.
- Satin Ore. Presented by Mr. Frederick Lacy Underhill, Central Park.

A. S. BUCKNOR, Superintendent.

Contemporary Sayings.

A WRITER in the *Overland Monthly*, on "The American Novel," says: "I suppose it is not easy to estimate how much we have gained socially by the absence of caste; but we read, in English novels, how heavily the pedigree nuisance weighs upon the minds and hearts of all English people. And this is really one of the reasons why English novels are written, and American novels are not. Besides the fact that there is an English society and there is no American society, comes the fact that English society is complex and full of obstacles, and American social life is simple and void of barriers. A novel is the story of the mishaps and adventures of a pair of lovers. Place these lovers in English life, and the novelist is admirably provided with a splendid array of the most formidable and eminently probable obstacles to their successful affections. Nice distinctions of pedigree rise before them, with a train of opposing parents and remote kindred. Or let them start on an entire social equality—if anybody in England is the exact equal of anybody else—and how simple and natural, how English an obstacle rises in the ambition of mamma, or the cupidity of papa! Possible coronets, titles to be angled for with a daughter's beauty, speaking and visiting range of the great, dance before the matron's mind, and of course, determine all her action. Or that marvelous English father—a man of leisure always—has set his heart on uniting his neighbor's estate with his own, by a marriage of the young people, of course, and it is a simple matter for the romancer to inflame the young people's hearts in the opposite direction. This mature masculine match-maker, by-the-way, is almost a constant quantity in English fiction. But, when we try to think of him as a possible figure in American romances, we shudder, if we do not smile, at the absurdity. We certainly could hardly look upon his actual adroitness in our midst, in flesh and blood, with complacency. Such a catastrophe would, no doubt, lead to an appeal to Judge Lynch. Any extreme measure would be justifiable. It is this amazing male match-maker that stands in the way of most English lovers, and furnishes a ready quarry to the romancer. That obstacle to true love need never fail him."

A correspondent of the *Athenaeum*, writing from Liverpool, produces some very curious evidence that Mr. Disraeli, when, in his novel "Venetia," he sketched Lord Caducius—who is, of course, intended for Lord Byron—had before him at least one unpublished letter purporting to have been written by Byron. The letter in question is in the writer's possession, and is dated Pisa, April 12, 1832 (about three months before Shelley's death, when Byron was certainly in Pisa). It contains some sentences which are repeated word for word by Lord Caducius in the fourth chapter of the sixth book of "Venetia." "When I once take you in hand, it will be difficult for me not to make sport of the Philistines." Now we look upon ourselves as something, O fellows with some pith; how we could lay it on! I think I see them wincing under the thong, the pompous poolrooms." And, again: "I made out a list, the other day, of all the things and persons I have been compared to. It begins well with Alcibiades, but ends with the Swiss giantess, or the Polish dwarf, I forget & nich."

Mr. John Bright, in a public letter, which is attracting great attention abroad, says: "I have often explained what is intended by the term free land. It means the abolition of the law of primogeniture and the limitation of the system of entails and settlement, so that 'life interests' may be, for the most part, got rid of, and a real ownership substituted for them. It means, also, that it shall be as easy to buy or sell land as to buy or sell a ship, or, at least, as easy as land is in Australia and in many or in all of the States of the American Union. It means that no legal encouragement shall be given to great estates and great farms, and that the natural forces of accumulation and dispersion shall have free play, as they have with regard to ships, and shares, and machinery, and stock-in-trade, and money. It means, too, that while the lawyer shall be well

paid for his work, unnecessary work shall not be made for him, involving an enormous tax on all transactions in connection with the purchase and sale of lands and houses."

The *Nation* says of Tweed and his kind that thoughtful men are beginning to recognize that they cannot be treated as "isolated phenomena, without other cause or antecedents than depraved natures;" they are "the natural product of certain political opinions and habits. As we now look back a little, few of us can avoid wondering that the maxim, that the spoils belong to the victors, did not produce Tweed sooner. As soon as that maxim was embodied in practical politics, his appearance was a mere question of time. He appeared in New York sooner than in Boston or Philadelphia, partly because it is a bigger city, and partly because the heterogeneous composition of the population makes public opinion and public spirit weaker in it. But, when once we admit that party politicians are entitled to use the public money, either directly or indirectly, to reward party services, the way is prepared for Tweeds everywhere. They will in some places be of a milder type than others, but they will appear in all."

The Paris correspondent of the *Nation*, himself a warm Orleanist evidently, discusses the fatal letter of the Comte de Chambord in a very caustic spirit. "Who can say," he writes, "what moved this royal monk, who has lived, ever since he was born, in a moral solitude, keeping his mind inflamed with visions of grandeur in the midst of an obscure and regular life, who has accepted the easy task of scolding a country of which he is ignorant, and is perhaps contented with this rôle of a living Providence? We have heard him after each event, each calamity, exclaiming from a distance, 'I told you so!' He is the prophet, the Jeremy of kings; he announces revolutions and war, and the falling of fire and brimstone. But this is all he could do. When he was wanted as a savior, he was found wanting. He is from this day a thing of the past; his name will go down to posterity with that of the last Stuarts, as a synonym of fatal and hereditary impotence."

An editorial note in a recent number of *All the Year Round* deals stern-handed justice to a kind of literary swindle with whom editors are all too familiar: "Three-and-twenty years ago a story of Australian adventure, called 'Two-Handed Dick, the Stockman,' was published in the sixth number of *Household Words*. A copy of this paper, exact in every particular, except for two or three words added by the copyist, was recently offered for publication in *All the Year Round*. Fortunately, the conductor of this journal at once recognized 'Two-Handed Dick' as an old acquaintance, and, after some search, discovered the history of his adventures in its original form. To put his brother editors on their guard respecting any manuscripts coming from the same source, he begs to call their attention to the name and address of the copyist in question. The manuscript is signed 'H. Clifford, Ellesmere Club, Manchester.'"

The *Tribune* says, in its review of "French Home Life": "The foundation of French manners is laid in the influence of woman. Her reign is powerful at home, but rarely reaches out-of-doors. Within the four walls of a drawing-room, she is an absolute sovereign, but her power seldom extends to public questions of any kind. The Frenchwoman is essentially a woman; her objects are almost always feminine; she does not seek to go beyond her sphere; and abstains from interference in outside topics, whatever be their gravity or their importance. Hence, the Frenchwoman is generally agreeable. The necessity of attracting is in the Gallic blood. It may be controlled by an absorbing sentiment of duty; it may be suppressed, for a time, by other more urgent needs; it may be modified in its expression by the thousand accidents of position; but it is still at the bottom of every Frenchwoman's heart."

Mr. Arch, it is said, went home from Canada determined to found a settlement there, and acknowledging the farmer's life there to be a good one, though over-hard worked. His com-

panion, Mr. Clayden, does not like the country at all. He thinks the Canadian is an idiot for working so much; wants villages built for the laborers, so that they may have a little "congenial society;" says the age for going into the wilderness is past, and sums all up in this sentence: "There is but one hope of getting our English married farm-laborers out to Canada—adequate accommodation must be afforded them on or near the farms where they are to serve; a comfortable cottage, with a good piece of garden-ground, must be provided for each family; and, if facilities for keeping a cow could be added, so much the better. I would also strongly urge fixed hours for work, with extra pay for additional hours."

The *Saturday Review* does not approve of "charity dinners." It says: "Every sensible man, after a little experience, arrives at the conclusion that it is a mistake to mix his charity with his business. The result is pretty certain to be the injury of his business, and the degradation of his charity. It is equally desirable, as a rule, to make a stern division between your charity and your pleasure. Charity should be a serious occupation, inasmuch as giving money usefully is a difficult art which requires calm consideration and constant attention. Directly you try to make it a picturesque amusement for fine ladies and gentlemen, and to get for your money not merely the consciousness of having been useful, but the pleasure of having been flattered and coaxed, and called a munificent patron in public, the practice generally ceases to be healthy either for yourself or for the people you profess to benefit."

One of the popular English monthlies, *Temple Bar*, says, in a recent article: "We rarely go out of our way to touch upon matters theatrical in these pages. The keen zest which our fathers felt in the stage in the days of the Kembles was reflected in all the leading publications of the day, and the relative merits of the principal actors shared with politics in the after-dinner discussions of that time. This all passed away; scenery took the place of acting, buffoonery of comedy, and the reign of legs set in to such an extent that even the least fastidious became disgusted with an exhibition which was redeemed by none of the poetry of Carlotta Grisi's beautiful dancing." It is hopeful, however, and thinks it sees "traces that this is likely soon to be a thing of the past."

"Mr. Carington" is the title of a lately-published English novel, and this is the way the *Saturday Review* begins a notice of it: "The author of this novel describes himself, on the title-page, as Robert Turner Cotton. He must, we suppose, be a better judge of his own name than we can possibly be. Otherwise we should have had no hesitation in saying that he is under some wonderful delusion, and that his real name is Mordimer Collins. Since the days of the 'Comedy of Errors' there has been seen no such likeness between two men, and Mr. Collins might well say to Mr. Cotton, just as Mr. Cotton might equally well say to Mr. Collins:

'Methinks you are my glass and not my brother; I see by you I am a sweet-faced youth.'

"To possess the power of familiarly and freshly presenting ancient instances to the comprehension of the modern mind is an excellent thing," says the *Tribune*, "and a thing with which everybody is not blessed. We note, therefore, the performance of a Xenia (Ohio) Sunday-school lecturer, who lately, while discoursing of the Prodigal Son, sketched upon the black-board the return of the wasteful youth to his father's mansion. Animated by a generous desire to smite the intellect and move the feelings of his audience, this ingenious person drew the Prodigal hurrying rapidly home with a nice new Russia-leather bag in his hand, and a beautiful silk umbrella under his arm. It is said that this touching illustration of suffering and remorse filled all eyes with tears."

In his lecture on "Fiction and its Eminent Authors," Mr. James T. Fields speaks very disparagingly of Bulwer's novels, arguing that "the world has never yet placed any lasting estimate on unsound fish, simply because it shines. Bulwer saw human nature through

bits of painted glass from his castle-window at Knebworth; while Dickens walked and thought with his kind in the free, open air. Dickens wrote with the vehemence of conviction, and had, from the start, an enthusiasm for humanity. Where the pious Bulwer ends and the profligate Bulwer begins it is sometimes almost impossible to determine."

One of the Nevada local papers gives the following vigorous description of a mining-party: "The toughest set of roosters that ever shook off the dust of any town, left Reno yesterday for the new mining-district of Cornucopia. They came here from Virginia. Among the crowd were four New-York cock-fighters, two Chicago murderers, three Baltimore bruisers, one Philadelphia prize-fighter, four San Francisco hordlums, three Virginian beats, two Union Pacific roughs, and two cheek guerrillas." Least the reader should fear for the editor's safety, we may remark that this is the language of compliment in the far West.

"Archbishop Whately," says the *Saturday Review*, "used to hold that there was one characteristic distinction between men and women. When men, he said, were spoken of disparagingly as a whole, they were apt to coincide; but, when any particular man was attacked, they usually stood up for him, and did their best to show that he was not such a bad sort of fellow, after all. On the other hand—this was Whately's theory, and we accept no responsibility for it—women were extremely sensitive as to the general character of their sex, while quite ready to join in cutting up the sisterhood in detail."

The police question is very prominent in London discussion just now, and all the papers are full of it. *Punch* perpetrates the following *on-dit*: "The notion of special services for the metropolitan constabulary in Westminster Abbey has been started. On the first occasion, the entire police force will be required to take up the nave." The *Hornet* announces that "Colonel Henderson is expected to issue a general order soon, commanding all his policemen to take each other into custody."

A discussion in the National Convention of Friends, the other day, would seem to indicate that even the Quakers are beginning to yield to the "spirit of the age." One speaker advised that "the question of dress should be one simply of utility and convenience; and said, moreover, that "the practice of wearing the hat in meeting, which so long prevailed, was remarkable chiefly for being a stupid violation of sanitary law!"

Professor Blackie, in his introductory lecture to the Greek classes of the University of Edinburgh the other day, said that "it had been his fortune to dip into various languages, and that the Greek language and the Greek literature are worth them all put together;" and further added that every person who despises Greek literature and language "proves himself to be a conceited puppy and an ignorant fool."

It is related of the late Sir Henry Holland that he was once engaged in a discussion with Bobus Smith, ex-advocate-general, regarding the merits of their respective professions. "You will admit," said Holland, "that your profession does not make angels of men?" "No," retorted Bobus, "there you have the best of it; your's certainly gives them the best chance."

The *Spectator* says, humorously, that "a conservative always sees so very strongly the danger of doing any thing except by gradual stages, that if he had been called into counsel as to the creation of the earth, he would have interposed a bog between every river and the firm land, and made a quicksand of the seashore."

The London *Lancet* says that more than three hundred answers were received by one of the smaller metropolitan hospitals to an advertisement for a secretary, at a salary of one hundred and fifty pounds a year; and among them was a colonel in her majesty's service, and a titled member of a noble family.

The *Christian Union*, after a general survey of the lecture-field, concludes that "upon the whole, it appears that the people greatly prefer

live men to buffoons; but that, when they cannot get live men, they prefer buffoons to dead ones."

Gustave Doré is said to be contemplating a magnificent series of Shakespearean illustrations, from the French point of view. He thinks that Shakespeare has never yet been adequately interpreted by the pencil.

The Record.

A WEEKLY RETROSPECT OF EVENTS.

NOVEMBER 22.—Spain accedes to the demands of the United States in regard to the Virginias.

Accident on the Reading Canal, Pa.; three lives lost.

Intelligence that Mr. Fournier, the Canadian Minister of Revenue, has been re-elected to Parliament from the county of Bellechasse; and Mr. Dorion, Canadian Minister of Justice, from the county of Napierville.

Accident on the Midland Railway, England; one killed, fourteen injured.

NOVEMBER 22.—Intelligence of the death of Auguste de Larive, a celebrated Swiss physician.

Senator Casserly, of California, resigns his seat in the United States Senate.

Siege of Cartagena, Spain, renewed.

NOVEMBER 20.—Dispatches from Cape-Coast Castle report an engagement with the Ashantees, near Dunquah, in which the latter were defeated. The Ashantees attacked the British position at Abbracrampta, but were driven off.

Duel, at Berlin, between General Manteuffel and Count Groeben; Count Groeben seriously wounded.

Large fire at Newark.

General Ducrot resigns his seat in the French Assembly.

DECEMBER 1.—The Forty-third Congress of the United States assembled at Washington.

Large fire at Fishkill, N. Y.; entire business portion of the town destroyed.

First trip on the Canada Southern Railway over the International Bridge at Buffalo.

Intelligence of the sinking, in mid-ocean, of the steamer *Ville du Havre*, November 23d, by collision with the ship *Loch Earn*. Two hundred and twenty-six lives lost; eighty-seven only saved. The *Ville du Havre* sailed between New York and Havre, and was one of the largest and finest steamers afloat. She sunk in twelve minutes after the collision, which occurred at two o'clock in the morning; weather clear, but heavy sea and intense cold. Among the passengers lost were Rev. A. Carrasco, of Spain; Professor E. Promer, of Geneva, Switzerland; Rev. N. Weiss, of Paris; Emile Cook, of Paris (all of the recent Evangelical Alliance); Judge Peckham, of the New York Court of Appeals; and Captain Hunter.

Mr. Sumner, of the United States Senate, introduces bills to amend the Constitution so as to elect the President for six years, to abolish the electoral-college system, and to abolish the office of Vice-President. Bills introduced to fix the date for the resumption of specie payments, and to repeal bankruptcy laws.

Intelligence from Central America: General Corroso, of the rebel forces in Colombia, had taken refuge on board the United States ship *Benicia*. President Neiva, being at issue with the Assembly, had attempted a *coup d'état*, was defeated, and fled. The Assembly named Don Gregorio Miro his successor, who was installed the 18th ult. Revolt in Guatemala at an end; complete failure of the invasion of Palacios and his filibusters on the steamer General Sherman. Trouble in Nicaragua; a new invasion from the side of Costa Rica, Colonel Tinoco its chief; General Espinoza sent to repel it.

DECEMBER 2.—Nomination of George H. Williams for Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court, B. H. Bristow for Attorney-General, and A. E. Shepherd for Governor of the District of Columbia.

Large fire at Canajoharie, N. Y.; one man killed and several injured; loss, \$100,000.

Count Ségur elected Secretary of the French Assembly.

Bill introduced in the United States Senate to consolidate all the Indian tribes under one government in our Indian Territory, to be called Oklahoma.

DECEMBER 3.—Report that trouble between the Spanish and German Governments is growing out of the recent capture of German vessels by Spanish ships.

Announcement that the Duke de Rochefoucauld is to be appointed to the French mission at London.

DECEMBER 4.—General Jovellar, Captain-General of Cuba, resigns his position because of his inability, in face of a popular commotion, to carry out the orders of the Spanish Government in regard to the surrender of the Virginias. Strong war-feeling in Cuba. The Havana merchants make arrangements for the purchase of fast steamers for war purposes.

Intelligence that the Brazil and Plate steamer *Flamstead* sunk at sea by the British man-of-war *Bellerophon*; no lives lost.

Heavy fall of snow in California. Tornado near Memphis, Tenn. Heavy fall of snow at Buffalo. A building blown down in Passaic, N. J., killing two persons.

Notices.

WE CALL PARTICULAR ATTENTION to the advertisement of Albro & Bros., dealers in Teas, Coffees, Wines, etc., on our last page. Their goods will be found first class, and at more reasonable prices than can be found elsewhere in first-class houses.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

NEW SUBSCRIBERS TO APPLETONS' JOURNAL, for 1874, remitting fifty cents extra (\$4.50 in all), may receive the JOURNAL from the beginning of Christian Reid's story, "A Daughter of Bohemia" (Oct. 25th)—ten numbers for fifty cents! This offer is made exclusively to new subscribers subscribing for the whole of the ensuing year, and will hold good only to January 15, 1874.

SUBSCRIBERS TO THE JOURNAL, whose subscription terminates with the end of the present year, are requested to renew their subscriptions before the expiration of the time, in order that there may be no interruption in the mailing of their numbers. (See PROSPECTUS on cover for 1874.)

APPLETONS' JOURNAL is a Magazine of weekly issue, devoted to popular literature, science, art, education, and social development. Its characteristic feature is *comprehensiveness*; its purpose being to furnish a periodical which will give, in addition to an abundance of entertaining popular literature, contributed by writers of acknowledged standing, a thorough survey of the progress of thought, the advance of the arts, and the doings in all the higher branches of intellectual effort. (See PROSPECTUS.)

THE FIFTY-TWO NUMBERS OF APPLETONS' JOURNAL, forming one year's issue, contain one-third more literary material than the twelve corresponding issues of the largest of the monthlies, and, of course, a much larger proportion in excess of the smaller ones. (See PROSPECTUS.)

DOES THE STORM KEEP YOU from the lecture? Do the winter evenings seem long? Have the old games become worn and lost their freshness? Get now "Avilude, or Game of Birds." No game has so happy a combination of keen enjoyment in its play, with so much useful information conveyed by the beautiful pictures of birds, and their fine and correct descriptions. Sent post-paid, for seventy-five cents, by WEST & LEE, Worcester, Mass.

SCIENTIFIC BOOKS.—Send 10 cents for General Catalogue of Works on Architecture, Astronomy, Chemistry, Engineering, Mechanics, Geology, Mathematics, etc. D. VAN NOSTRAND, Publisher, 23 Murray St., N. Y.